

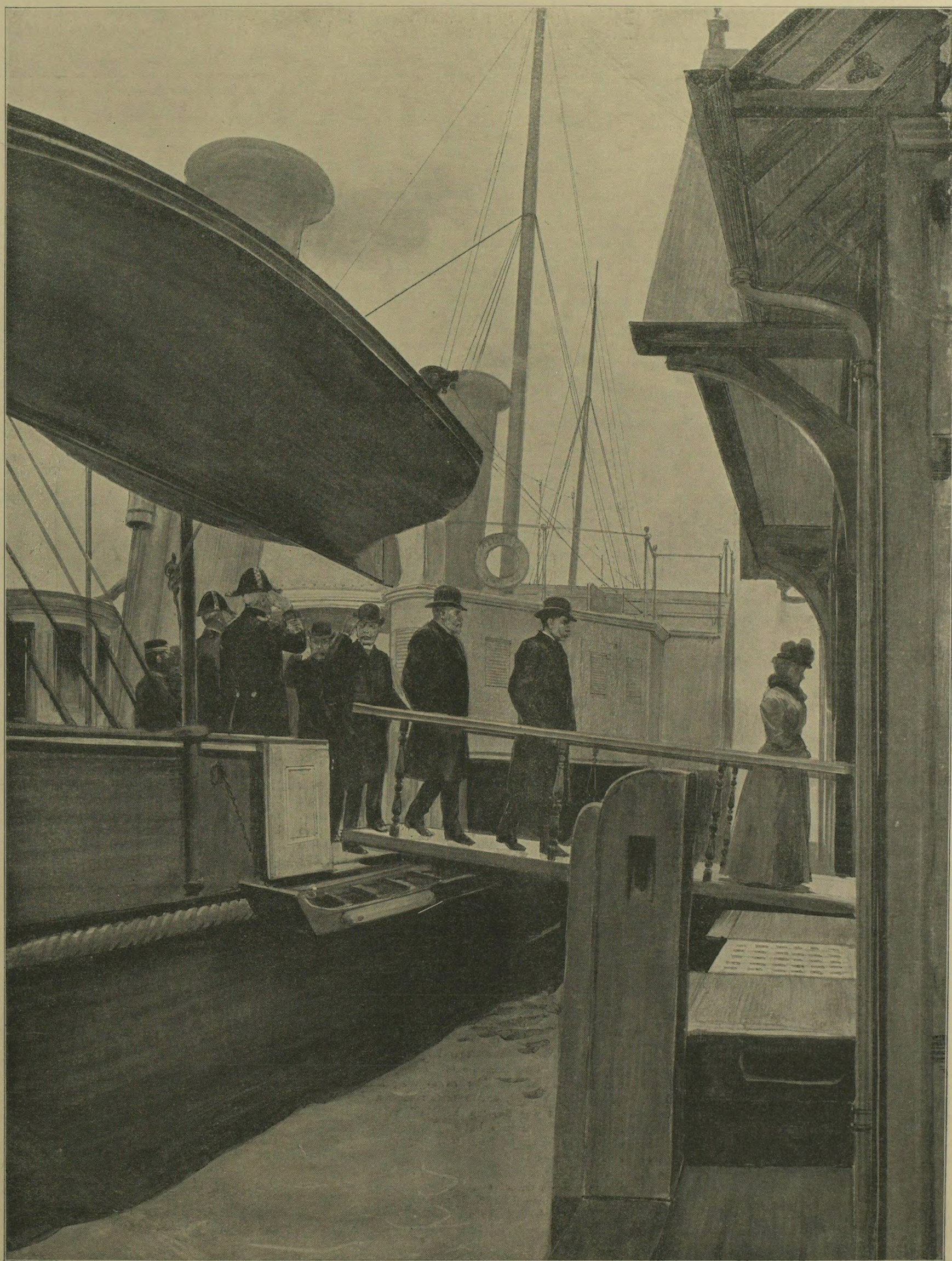
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1901.

ONE SHILLING.



THE QUEEN'S LAST ILLNESS: THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR ARRIVING AT OSBORNE, JANUARY 21.

Drawn by our Special Artist.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

When the Nineteenth Century faded out, nobody was heart-stricken, for the world does not grieve over an imperceptible point of time. But at the end of the Victorian Era, who is not conscious of a great blank? Death has taken from us the Sovereign who, in a sense that has no precedent, mothered not only her own subjects, but even other nations. With no attribute of autocracy, she had given to the Crown of England a prerogative more commanding than any absolute power, a prerogative that made Victoria a magical name throughout the earth. It was not simply that her reign was coincident with the widest spread of British rule, but that her character endowed the principle of monarchy with a moral authority it had never before possessed. Amidst all the strife of politics, and even of international conflict, "The Queen" was a watchword that had in it a calm, a dignity, an ideal of reverence, acknowledged in every clime.

Under this great name has been begotten all that we citizens of the British Empire know of civilisation in the range of our daily lives. The passing of that name from the symbols of our allegiance, from the forms of worship, from the current speech, is a shock to the imagination of which we have no parallel. Think what it means that we can never again sing the National Anthem in its present wording. The point is rather delicate, but I cannot help asking whether public sentiment can sanction the restoration of the anthem to Henry Carey's original composition? Its associations are so solemnly woven with the great personality that has been taken from us that propriety may, to many minds, seem to demand a new anthem rather than the exact strain that Carey is believed to have written in the time of George II. This is but one illustration of the way in which the national loss bruises our tenderest fibres. The very depth of the affection inspired by the Queen makes the simple change of title nothing less than a domestic revolution. Popular as the Prince of Wales most justly is, "Our King" is a phrase so strange upon our lips that it almost makes a stranger of him. Within the last few days I have heard men murmuring "The King," as if they were groping in their memories for some ancient and unfamiliar charm. It needs a Jacobite fervour to make the title stir the blood, as when Sir Walter Scott, with his blend of Jacobite sentiment and Hanoverian loyalty, drank the health of George IV., put the glass in his pocket, and, as Thackeray sardonically noted, "sat down" on it and broke it before he got home."

Our English sentiment will weave its tendrils again around "The King," but it would be well to give the title an English tradition. On this account I venture to hope that our new Sovereign will be styled Edward VII., and not Albert I. Personal reasons, which must be deeply respected, made the name of Albert very dear to the Queen; but in the roll of British monarchs it would have a foreign ring. Of our six Edwards, the first and third were great rulers; and if Longshanks made himself odious to the Scots, they had their compensation in Bannockburn at the expense of his immediate successor. Moreover, it was Longshanks who brought Wales into the formal dignities of the dynasty; so that in Edward are conjoined the historical susceptibilities of the three nations of Great Britain. No Irish feeling can be hurt, as it would be if, by some incredible mischance, we had a King who was christened Oliver. The plea for Edward is further strengthened by the circumstance that the Duke of York's son is an Edward in the direct line of succession; so that the perpetuation of Albert in the dynastic names seems unlikely.

I wonder whether the Twentieth Century has any developments in store for the minor German newspaper. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth discusses in the *North American Review* the appalling prospect of a great Newspaper Trust, which is to control the Press of this island by issuing one universal journal with local embellishments. If this scheme should ever be applied to the German Press, perhaps the foreign news retailed to the whole German public will be as novel and trustworthy as that for which I am indebted to a correspondent at Heidelberg. At least two enterprising prints in the Fatherland have circulated a marvellous legend of the capture of General Buller by Ben Viljoen. The wily Viljoen laid a trap, into which the simple-minded Buller promptly fell. Then Louis Botha appeared on the scene, and offered the captive a choice of evils. Either he should sail for England with his staff and his army, leaving all arms and munitions of war behind him, or he should be imprisoned in some unpleasant and inaccessible place, corresponding to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat, and never be seen again. Says the inspired narrator of this remarkable transaction: "Buller is supposed to have chosen the first condition, but no word of this is known officially. Does not the London War Office feel constrained to offer an explanation?" I fear not. Such a deadly secret could never be revealed, except to the Boers, whose fighting spirit is fed on this kind of history, and to the keen-witted Germans who take their foreign news from the *Heidelberger Tageblatt*.

After all the controversy about our treatment of the Boer women and children, it is quaint to read this report of the views of burghers who are still in arms in the Orange River Colony: "They said that they had plenty of food and ammunition, and that, as their women and children were well cared for by the British, they saw no reason for accepting peace on our terms." So that whilst the headlong sympathisers with the Boer circulate tales of our "atrocities," that practical man admits that our kindness to his family helps him to prolong the war! And I continue to receive the assurances of Dutch readers that the Boer women, whom their husbands know to be comfortably laagered in their own districts, are "turned adrift in the wilderness, and exposed to the caprices of Kaffirs and British soldiers"! Surely a more favoured warrior than the Boer was never seen in history; for he profits by the indignation excited by his imaginary injuries, and also by the British humanity that his European friends will not believe in. But if we were to imitate De Wet by flogging and shooting every Boer caught in Cape Colony trying to seduce Dutch colonists from their allegiance, what a shriek of horror would ring from Amsterdam to Odessa!

An American correspondent abuses me for stating that in the Civil War the Northern generals employed methods more rigorous than ours in South Africa to crush resistance. What did Sherman say? "We are not only fighting hostile armies, but a hostile people, and must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war." He acted on this principle by expelling the non-combatant population from Georgia, and when the other side invoked the judgment of God and humanity, as Mr. Stead does, Sherman denounced this as hypocrisy. "It is useless for us to occupy Georgia; but the utter destruction of its roads, houses, and people will cripple their military resources. I can make this march, and make Georgia howl." He was accused, even in the North, of just the kind of outrages that are manufactured by Boeritis; but his answer was that the enemy testified to his humanity by leaving their wives and families to his care! His policy of destruction was implacable; but its vindication is that it shortened the conflict. In South Africa there has been so little destruction of property that the enemy's resources are not crippled; but, for all that, we are painted as Attilas and Alvas, who have violated not only the delicacy that blooms in the bosom of Mr. Stead, but even the usages of war. And because the invasion and occupation of such an enormous territory demand a force far more numerous than the commandoes which skip about the country like will-o'-the-wisps, we are told that the British arms are humbled for ever. Well, if Mr. Kruger failed to drive us out of South Africa, I don't think his admirers will screech us out.

Meanwhile, a new injustice is disclosed to a saddened public. Novelists are taking quite intolerable liberties with the ancestors of a well-known Baronet. He tells us that one ancestor, who has been dead no more than a century and a half, barely the day before yesterday, is singled out by name and described as a *roué* with blood-shot eyes. At least three family portraits deny the imputation on his eyes, and his morals are vindicated by contemporary testimony. The evidence of family portraits is not quite conclusive. Look at the pictured *roués* of any clime or period, and you will not find a bloodshot eye in the whole crew. Artists are too courtly or too business-like to reproduce anything so damning. As for the other witnesses, it is highly probable that they sustain the Baronet's case; and even if the novelist can produce a cloud of gossip on the other side, he will find it difficult to justify this meddling with a real historical name. But in another instance the Baronet's plea is not so moving. The novelist was permitted to consult the family archives, and he constructed from them a wholly imaginary incident, in which a lady clambered down from a window to accompany her sister to a rendezvous. The Baronet regards this as most unseemly behaviour, and complains that his ancestress has been turned into "a hoyden."

Here, it appears to me, there is a certain lack of the historical spirit. If you found a lady of your house descending a rope from her window in the present year of grace, you would not want to have the affair narrated by a sprightly story-teller. But I should be pleased to know that any ancestress of mine, in the reasonably remote past, had shown so much adroitness and address, more especially when another lady needed a chaperon. And to protest against the tale merely because it was fictitious I should consider as arguing the absence of imagination, a much graver matter than a slur on one's pedigree. It was not "a hoyden" who distinguished herself in that escapade, but a spirited young woman, full of sisterly circumspection. If I had boxes of archives and galleries of family portraits, I would let any capable novelist loose amongst them if he would promise to leave my ancestors a decent average of virtue. What more can any rational man desire? If you had the misfortune to be descended from Scroggs or Jeffries, would you abuse every historian who has shown up either worthy? Ancestor-worship is very well for the Chinese, who, I presume, do not indulge in the pastime of writing history, which cannot be practised without blackening somebody's character.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

—20—

The Queen's death, though always a contingency, comes as a shock. The monarchy goes on; yet, all the same, we appear to have lost in Victoria not only a personage, but almost an institution. The century seemed to belong to her. Hers was the glory of an era great in the sciences, in many branches of invention, and in some of the arts. The Army was specially hers—soldiers of the Queen. Her Majesty's Judges and Queen's Counsel, under their new masculine nomenclature, will be as impartial and learned as before, but they forfeit one element of their appeal to men in their titles—that which indicated that they gave their strength to the service of a woman. All round, the nation loses something of that romance, or seems to do so. Yet in a sense it may now be said that a double loyalty is England's. For the first time in the public memory we have King and Queen ruling together; and his Majesty's subjects are the subjects of a woman—of Queen Alexandra as well.

Queen Victoria suffered little during her last illness—an illness known to the inner circle of the Court for the last six weeks. The dignity of her life has been borne out by the dignity of her death. Anybody familiar with the vulgar lobbyings of politicians, the club rumours, the city speculations, that marked the passing away of some of her Majesty's immediate predecessors will have cause for gratitude that her own sun set in profound domestic calm. A great war had given a year's grief to the Queen; but, in her immediate environment, no sound of discord stirred. She had seen stormier social times in the years long gone, when the Chartist and other agitations extorted from even experienced politicians black foreboding that the monarchy might not outlive the Victorian reign. Hints of a Republic she had heard a generation ago from lips that later kissed her hands when the seals of office were given and accepted. In religion and politics she had witnessed the welding together of men and women of goodwill; so that the forces of disintegration, destructive elsewhere, became in her realms a name rather than a terror. How much she herself did to bring about this calm and content no contemporary can tell. Perhaps she was not aware herself of the influence she exerted; for even the extent of the affection of her people came as something of a surprise to her at the time of her first Jubilee. The Crown had not always been a symbol of peace and goodwill before it devolved on the young Queen; and she inherited some of its traditions of discord in the social and political worlds. Ministers did not easily accustom themselves to the new state of things. The wrangles over her Majesty's Bedchamber-women, over the Prince Consort's allowance and precedence—these could never have occurred during the latter half of the reign. The Queen made new traditions. She accomplished that great work. She is dead, and they survive.

The enormous addition at home to the prestige of the crown Victoria wore has its answering enlargement in the vast area added to the sphere of its influence. She found a Kingdom and left an Empire. When Lord Beaconsfield added the august title of Empress to that of Queen, he was a strict symbolist. The word was no emptiness, still less an aggression, as the heated politics of the day heard it called. The knitting of India to England became a further great reality, when Indian troops were for the first time summoned, by the same Minister, to a European station. The threat was needed at the moment, and it sufficed. Behind these acts of her Government her Majesty stood. The hands of her Ministers included hers. They were the Government of the Queen, not only in name. In every crisis of the country's history she had her part, often a predominant one. The record of her personal industry in affairs of State is a commonplace of contemporary history. Her own preferences in the matter of her Prime Ministers have been made known with extraordinary candour, especially of late years. But these Ministers, whether they felt that the Queen gave them, or withheld from them, her full favour, all united together in their strenuous tributes to her unselfish devotion to the public weal. The Greater Britain beyond the seas rendered the Queen a loyalty without stint. Among the many regrets which her death now newly associates with the war in South Africa, there are redeeming consolations. That war gave to the Colonies an opportunity which they took; and their taking of it must remain now among their memories the most sacred as well as the most heroic.

The Queen's devotion to duty was no mechanical habit; still less was it a calculated policy of ingratiation. It had its roots in the piety which never failed her. Each record of the great events of her reign bears the same mark of her fealty to the King of Kings. The Indian Mutiny and the Crimean War—every episode of stress and strain—found her with that double confidence, which did not fail her either at the time of her supreme personal sorrow. The death of the Prince Consort left her with no heart for the ordinary routine of the world's gaieties. Her great station enforced a loneliness which added to the desolation of a widowhood that seemed in itself a lifetime, enduring for forty unforgetting years. The death of Princess Alice, of the Duke of Albany, and of the Duke of Coburg were acts in that long martyrdom of motherhood

which she, who was the Mother of Peoples, most obediently endured. These losses were also the penalty of that long life which saw also the death of her eldest grandson, in the direct line of succession to the Crown. A procession of her statesmen had gone like ghosts before her eyes: Lord Melbourne, for whom she entertained something of a daughter's feelings for a father; Sir Robert Peel, whose Repeal of the Corn Laws she almost passionately supported; the Duke of Wellington, who had fought England's battles abroad, she sometimes thought, with more skill than he fought her own in the arena of home politics; Lord John Russell, for whose Reform policy she had a sympathy inherited from her father; Lord Derby, Lord Beaconsfield, who was not her Minister only, but her friend; and Mr. Gladstone. In this great pageant of history she moves as the most serene figure. Her rule was the longest, as well as the wisest, England ever knew; and, living to the age of eighty-one years and 243 days, she exceeded by three days the longest life of any previous monarch, which was that of her grandfather, King George III.

THE LAST ILLNESS.

Only at the close of last week were her Majesty's subjects made aware of the grave illness with which she had been threatened for some weeks. On Saturday, Jan. 19, the Court Circular described the Sovereign as in need of rest; her weakness being set down to the anxieties of the preceding twelve months. Later on that same day a more definite and alarming bulletin was issued. "The Queen," it said, "is suffering from great physical prostration, accompanied by symptoms that cause anxiety." The midday bulletin on Sunday said that the Queen's strength had been fairly maintained, but added that there was "no material change." On Monday morning the bulletins contained no word that was reassuring. Princess Beatrice's telegram was the most to the point: "The Queen's condition is very grave, but not entirely without hope."

As soon as the gravity of the Queen's illness became known the Prince of Wales proceeded to Osborne in company with the Princess Louise. The Princess of Wales and the Duke of York followed rapidly; and the Emperor William, in response to a message from his mother, arrived in London on Sunday evening with the Duke of Connaught, and on Monday proceeded to Osborne. The Archbishop of Canterbury was not then summoned; but the Rector of Whippingham, close to Osborne House, was called to the bedside of his illustrious parishioner.

During Monday and on Tuesday morning bulletins succeeded bulletins, varying in their gravity. News that the illness was a comparatively painless one was thankfully heard; and every report of the ups and downs of the malady, generally described as failure of powers from old age, accompanied by a serious difficulty of circulation in the region of the brain, was anxiously scanned. London saw its crowds gathered at every vantage-ground for the gaining of early news—outside Buckingham Palace, at the Mansion House, round the "tapes" in the great clubs, before the windows of the publishing offices of newspapers like our own. At Osborne itself a great company of journalists assembled; and the telegraph-wires were taxed to the utmost by their demands. There was little to report as to detail; but each journalist knew that he was present at a great episode of English history. Each entry in the Visitors' Book at Osborne seemed to have a hitherto unknown importance; and the inquirers at the Lodge came and went with the air of men who were engaged on an affair of no ordinary solemnity. Nor were the waiters for news upon the spot more anxiously insistent than the great outer public with whom they were in instant communication. Every town and hamlet in the United Kingdom showed its deep concern for the monarch in the hour of her need. Prayers were offered for her on Sunday in the churches of every creed—by Jew and Christian, by Roman Catholic and by Protestant alike. "I pray to my God and her God for her restoration to her people's love," said Leo XIII. The Quirinal and the Vatican had one anxiety in common, and were both of them the recipients of special telegrams from the Court. The Presidents of the American Republic and of the French were not less moved than were the Emperors of Russia and of Austria; while the King of Denmark was described as being plunged in deep grief. The Colonies were brought once more into close touch with the Motherland; British South Africa's message spoke the grief of our kindred in that distracted region; while in the Far East strange prayers were offered to strange gods for England's Queen.

On Tuesday afternoon the news became more and more disquieting. "The Queen is slowly sinking" was the message delivered to the nation at dusk. Then, dated from Osborne at 6.45 p.m., came the message sent by the Prince of Wales to the Lord Mayor: "My beloved mother, the Queen, has just passed away, surrounded by her children and grandchildren."

For two hours the great bell of St. Paul's tolled the news to the grief-stricken citizens of London; and the wires carried it to the farthest ends of the earth.

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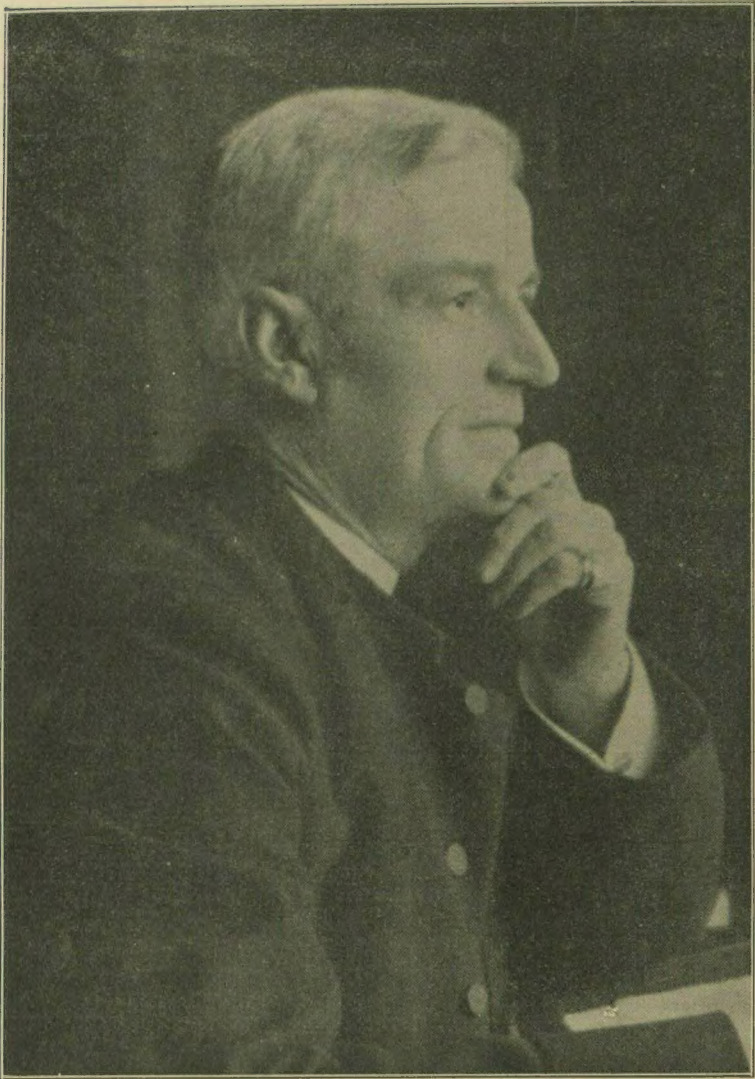


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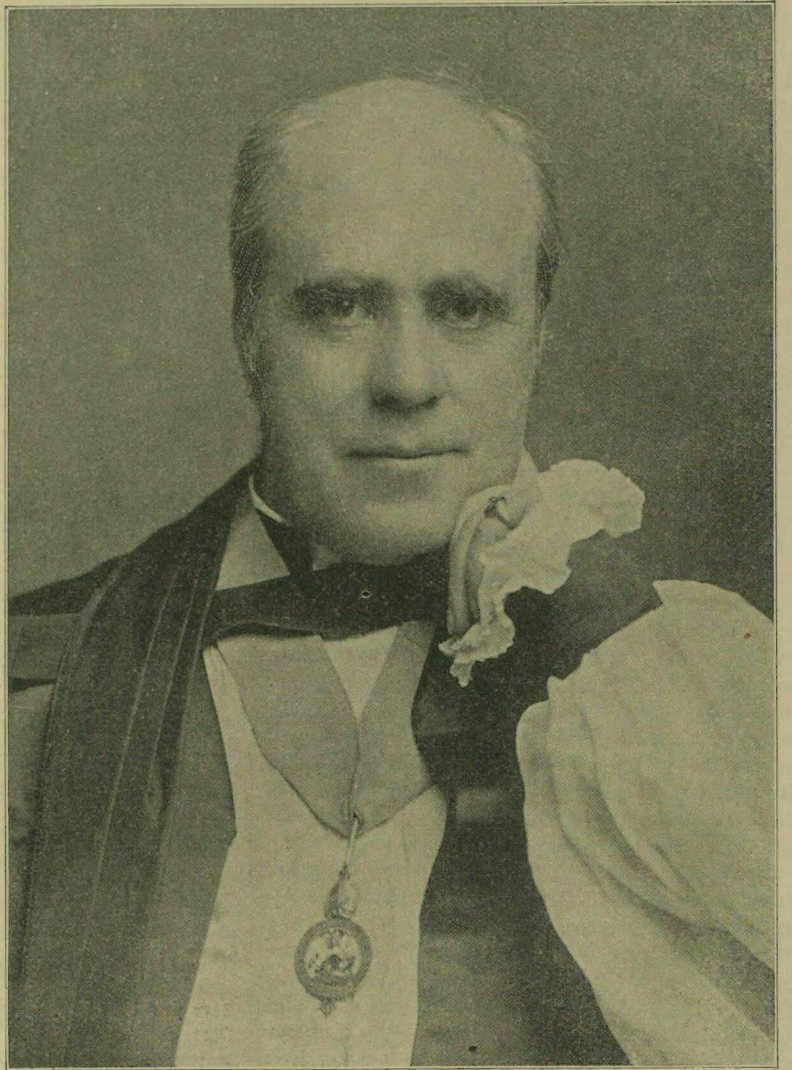


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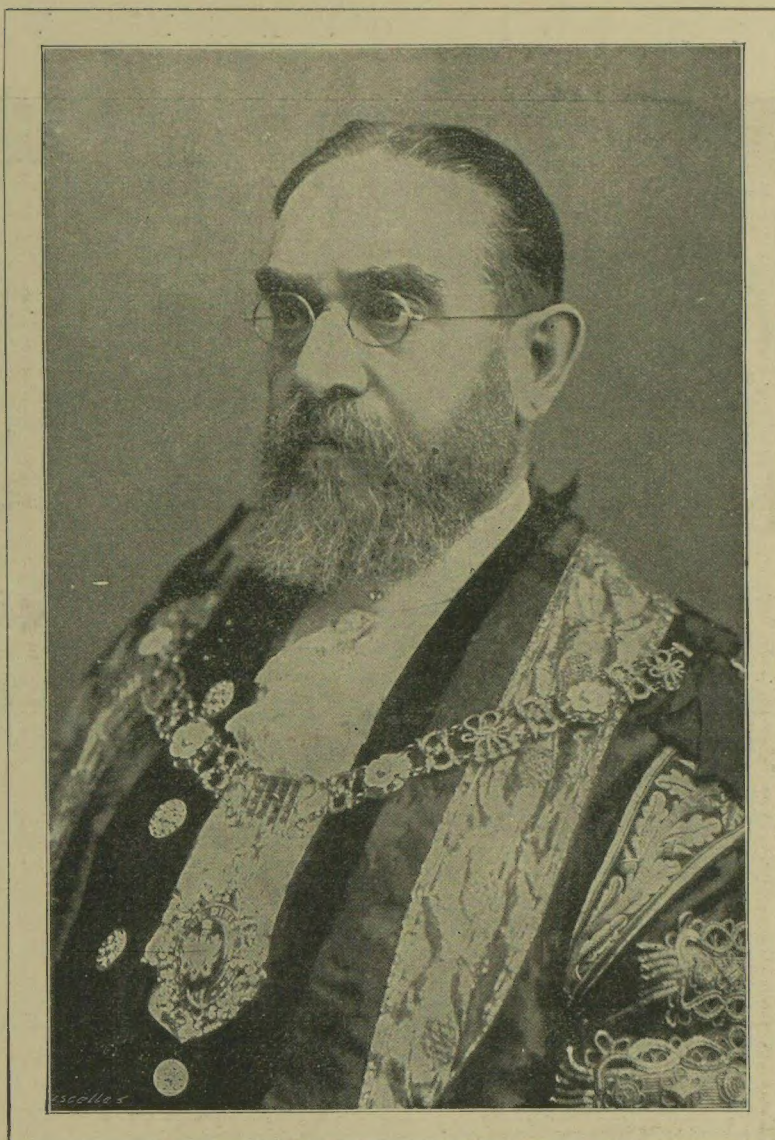
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN'S DOCTORS.

The physicians at Osborne on whom so great a weight of responsibility fell this week had the assistance of members of the Queen's family, as well as of her customary dressers, so that it was not found necessary to call in the aid of professional nurses. Of Sir James Reid we announced last week that arrangements had been made for his taking up his residence at Windsor within the precincts of the Castle on the return of the Court thither. An Aberdonian by birth and education, he became a Resident Physician to the Queen twenty years ago, when he was only thirty-two years of age. He had his Baronetcy four years ago; he wears the Red Eagle of Prussia, and he married a daughter of Lord Rivelstoke, who once served as Maid of Honour to the Queen. Sir Richard Douglas Powell, whose Baronetcy also dates from the Diamond Jubilee, was born at Walthamstow in 1842, educated at the University of London, married in 1873 Juliet, daughter of Sir John Bennett, and became, comparatively recently, a Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen. Sir Francis Laking, who was Surgeon to her Majesty, was born in 1847, and was educated at Heidelberg. Physicians-in-Ordinary to the Monarch are persons whose social reticence has to be on a par with their medical skill. Physicians Extraordinary hold only a less responsible post; and their utility received an eminent illustration in the summoning to her Majesty's bedside of Sir Thomas Barlow, who was educated at London University, is Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College Hospital, and had his Baronetcy at the New Year.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of the Bishop of London on Wednesday last week had for its preliminary, in the early morning, a Holy Communion celebration, attended by members of the family and a number of the clergy. Later, the larger ceremonial began. Within the choir-rails, upon a lofty bier, was raised the plain coffin, with its simple inscription: "Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London 1897 to 1901. Born, 1843. Died, 1901." This had been brought from Fulham on the previous evening, shrouded from view by a pall of dark purple, and surmounted with the white and gold mitre of the dead prelate, also his crosier. A cross was placed among the symbolic trappings, and tall candles flanked the



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, ALDERMAN FRANK GREEN, WHO BY VIRTUE OF HIS OFFICE IS SUMMONED TO THE FIRST PRIVY COUNCIL OF A NEW REIGN.

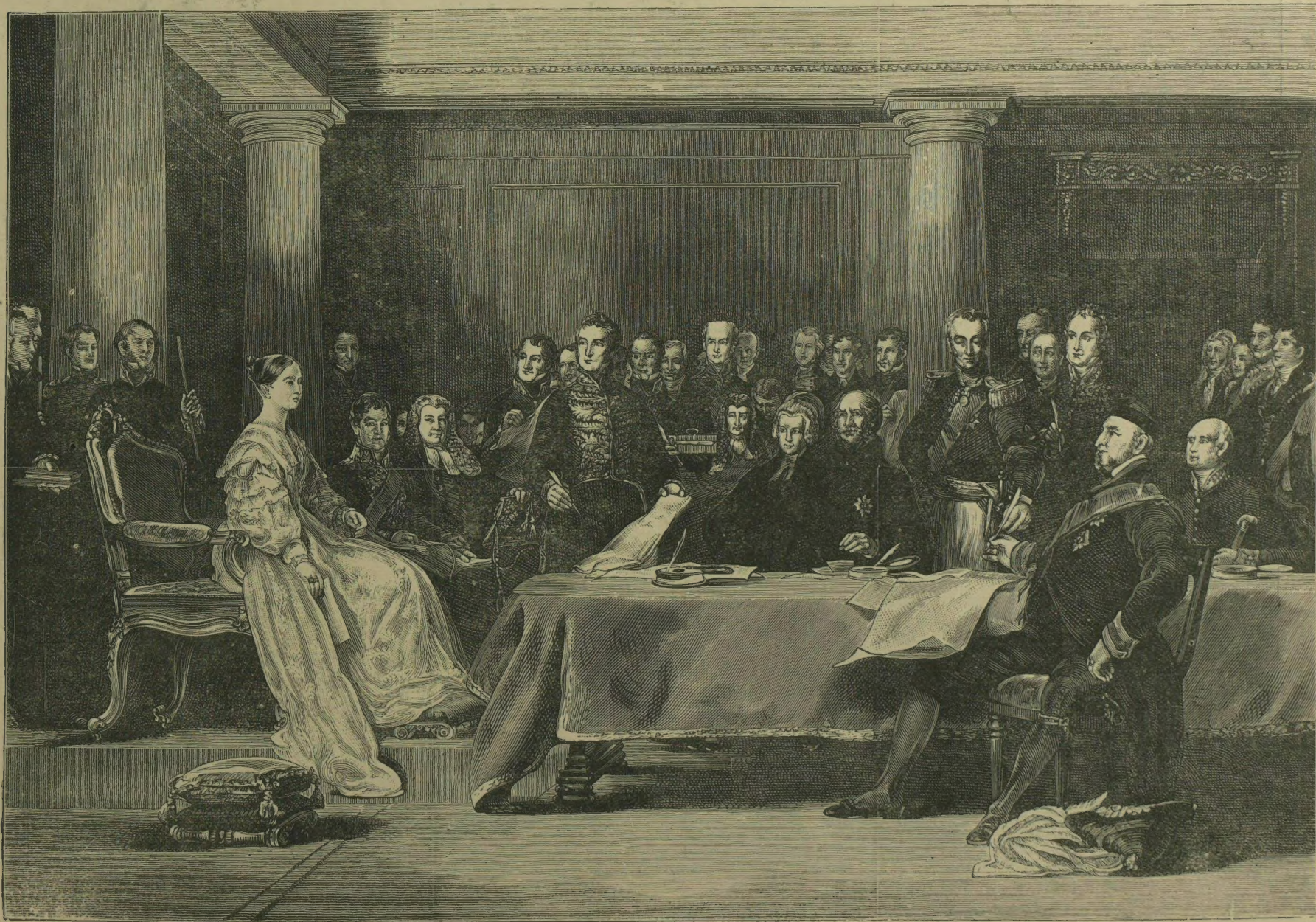
stately catafalque. There was one other memento to which a deep interest attached—perhaps a deeper one than any of the bystanders knew. This was the wreath of immortelles

which bore the inscription: "A mark of esteem and sincere regret from V.R.I."—of the many hundreds of wreaths sent by that considerate hand the very last. Lord Suffield represented the Prince of Wales, and the Hon. Derrek Keppel the Duke of York. The music of Chopin's Funeral March pealed from the organ while the Archbishop of Canterbury, closely followed by several officers of the London Rifle Brigade, who owned the late Bishop as their chaplain, entered the chancel. The congregation contained many distinguished personages, including most of the Bench of Bishops, and not excluding a number of prominent Nonconformists. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of St. Paul's, Archdeacon Sinclair, and Canon Scott Holland were the officiating clergy.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL.

It is not generally known that after the demise of a British Sovereign there are, for the time being, no Privy Councillors. The Lord Mayor of London, *ex officio*, is summoned to the first Council. In the case of Queen Victoria, her Majesty's first Council was held at Kensington Palace on the very day after William IV. died. The new Sovereign's extreme youth and inexperience, and the nation's comparative lack of knowledge concerning her nature and disposition, naturally aroused the greatest curiosity in those distinguished personages who found themselves in the position of her new Privy Councillors. Henry Greville, who was the Clerk of the Council, carefully explained to Lord Melbourne all that would have to be said and done; and then the Prime Minister, in his turn, transmitted the instructions—for they were little else—to the young Queen, who, notwithstanding the fact that she was suffering from great excitement, showed extreme self-command and dignity, answering to the question as to whether she would prefer to enter the room alone or accompanied by the great officers of State, that she preferred to adopt the former course.

After the Queen had read her Speech and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the new Privy Councillors, headed by the two royal Dukes, were solemnly sworn; and it is on record that the young Queen, when seeing her two old uncles kneeling before her and kissing her hand, blushed deeply, evidently feeling the contrast between their civil and their natural relations. She embraced them warmly, rising from her chair; and in the case of the Duke of Sussex, who was too infirm to reach her, she herself went forward to him.



THE QUEEN PRESIDING AT HER FIRST COUNCIL, UPON HER ACCESSION TO THE THRONE, JUNE 20, 1837.

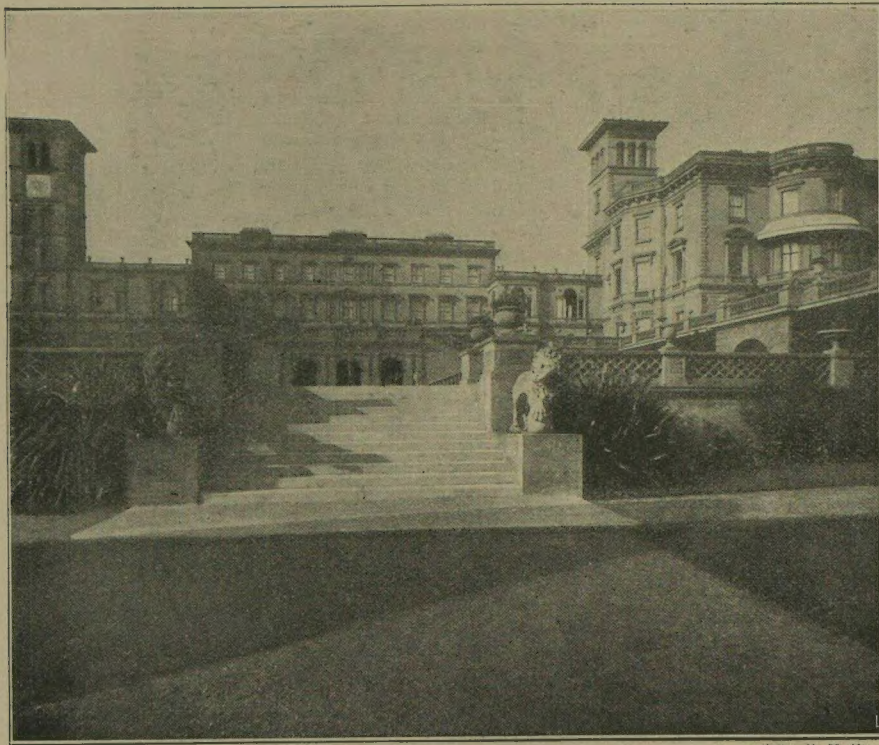
From the Historical Painting by Sir David Wilkie.

T H E D E A T H O F Q U E E N V I C T O R I A .



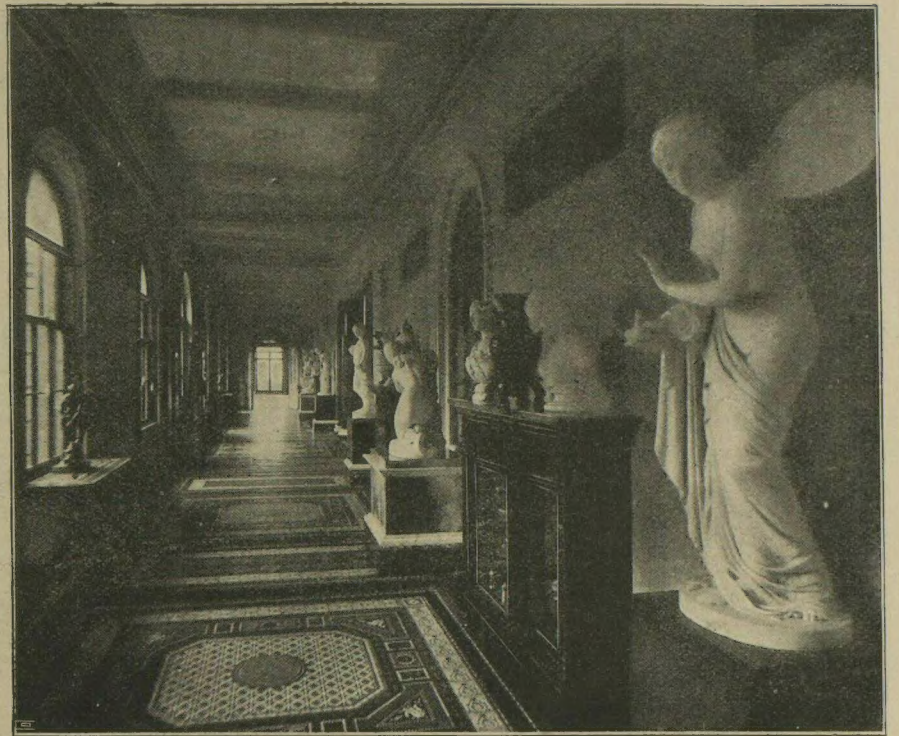
THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT REIGN: QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER CORONATION ROBES.

OSBORNE: THE QUEEN'S ISLAND HOME.



Photo, H. N. King.

OSBORNE HOUSE FROM THE GARDENS.



Photo, H. N. King.

THE CORRIDOR.



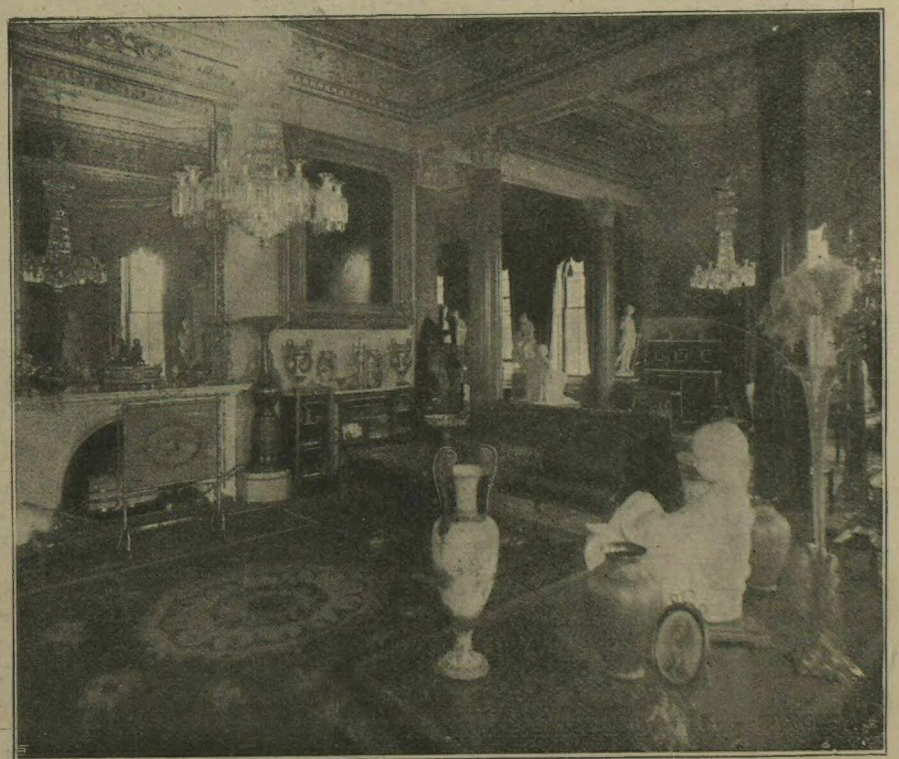
Photo, Frith, Reigate.

OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT: A GENERAL VIEW.



Photo, H. N. King.

THE BILLIARD-ROOM.



Photo, H. N. King.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.



Photo. Gunn and Stewart, Richmond

HIS MAJESTY EDWARD VII., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND EMPEROR OF INDIA.

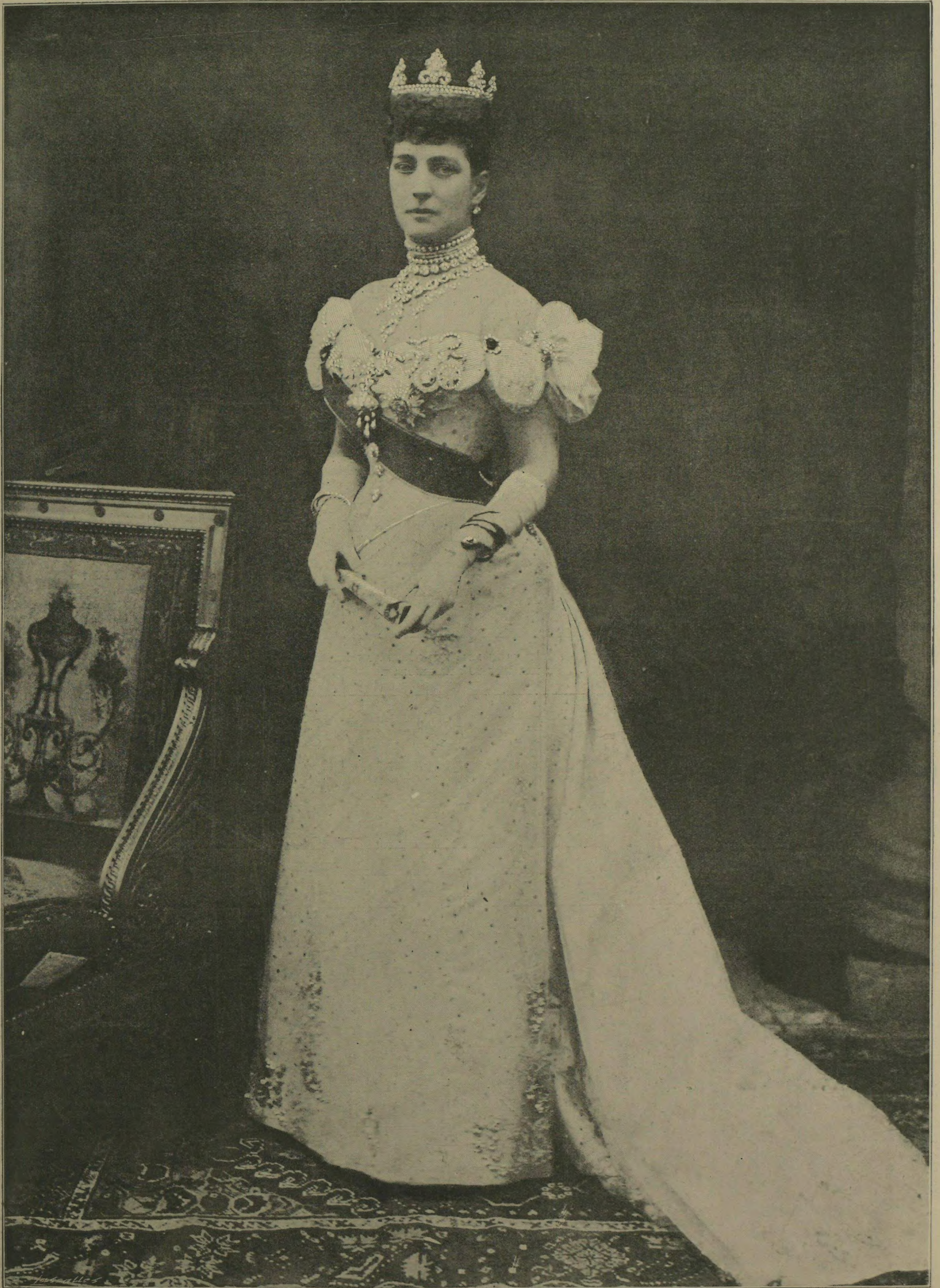


Photo. Gunn and Stewart, Richmond.

HER MAJESTY ALEXANDRA, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND EMPRESS OF INDIA.

THE TWO MOST ANXIOUS MOMENTS IN THE LIVES OF THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Ten years had elapsed, almost to a day, since the commencement of the Prince Consort's fatal illness, when the dread news became known that the Prince of Wales lay stricken down with typhoid fever in his Norfolk home. All too soon the country learnt that the Prince's state was becoming terribly critical, and on Nov. 29, 1871, the Queen journeyed to Wolverton in order, as Her Majesty firmly believed, to bid good-bye to her eldest son; indeed, on many occasions during the last thirty years the Queen has alluded to that journey as having been filled with the most anxious moments of her life. Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, and three of her children were at Sandringham, and the Queen's first action after she had seen the Prince of Wales, who at the time was quite unconscious, was to arrange that her grandchildren should quit for Windsor, their mother remaining to assist in the arduous nursing demanded by the nature of the Prince's illness. As the fever appeared to be somewhat abating, the Sovereign left Sandringham, but the improvement was only temporary, and once more the Queen journeyed to Norfolk, where were soon assembled



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ILLNESS IN 1871: THE QUEEN AT WOLVERTON STATION ON HER WAY TO SANDRINGHAM.

all the members of the royal family. Not till Dec. 14, the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, did a real amelioration take place; four days later the Queen returned to Windsor, and on the 26th, the day after a joyful Christmas, her Majesty wrote perhaps the most touching and characteristic of her many noble "messages" to her devoted people. In it she expressed, as she alone could do, her deep sense of the universal sympathy evinced during the "painful, terrible days" through which the royal family had passed: and surely some such feeling must have animated the Prince of Wales when he also set out on the saddest and most anxious journey of his life, that which followed so soon on the news which last week plunged the whole Empire in deep sorrow. History sometimes curiously repeats itself. His Royal Highness is said to have remarked the day following, when quitting Osborne, "You see they have allowed me to leave." But his absence was, as we all know, only of a few hours' duration, and H.R.H. was, on his return, accompanied by the German Emperor and the Duke of York—a fact full of sad significance.



THE QUEEN'S ILLNESS IN 1901: THE PRINCE OF WALES LEAVING PORTSMOUTH FOR OSBORNE ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA," ON JANUARY 19.

DRAWN BY FRED T. JANE.

Dusk was just beginning to fall. The weather was wet, equally, and miserable.

"BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS OUR HEARTS IN GRATEFUL LOVE"



"THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN," JULY 1900: HER MAJESTY'S FIRST APPEARANCE OUT OF MOURNING SINCE THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT

DRAWN BY WALTER WILSON.

During the visit of "Christian Endeavour" members from all parts of the world to Windsor in July 1900, her Majesty saw them in the quadrangle. The hymn "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in grateful love" was sung, and also the National Anthem.



THE QUEEN AND HER INFANT SON, THE PRINCE OF WALES.



THE QUEEN AND HER INFANT GRANDCHILDREN, THE FAMILIES OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Photo, Downey.



THE QUEEN AND HER INFANT GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN, THE FAMILY OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

THE DOCTORS IN ATTENDANCE DURING HER MAJESTY'S ILLNESS.



SIR JAMES REID, BART.,
PHYSICIAN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.

Photo. Higgins and Mullins.

THE DOCTORS IN ATTENDANCE DURING HER MAJESTY'S ILLNESS.



SIR RICHARD DOUGLAS POWEL, BART.
PHYSICIAN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.

Portrait by Sir John Everett Millais

THE DOCTORS IN ATTENDANCE DURING HER MAJESTY'S ILLNESS.



SIR FRANCIS HENRY LAKING, K.C.V.O..

SURGEON TO HER MAJESTY.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA: THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR, AT OSBORNE, JANUARY 21.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

The Kaiser, who reached London on Sunday evening after a twenty-four hours' journey, was met by the Prince of Wales, with whom he proceeded next day to Osborne, to visit the Queen,

THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA: THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT.



RECEPTION OF THE KAISER BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AND DUKE OF YORK AT CHARING CROSS STATION ON JANUARY 20.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

His Imperial Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, arrived at 6.20 p.m. After a few words with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, the Kaiser drove to Buckingham Palace. The deep concern of the Emperor and Princes was evident from their demeanour.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA: THE ANXIETY IN LONDON.



THE SCENE OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. ALLAN STEWART.

Several notice-boards were displayed within the Palace precincts, and all day these were read by anxious crowds. Outside the Palace railings numbers of people assembled, watching the steady stream of carriages bearing distinguished callers.



Princess of Wales. Duke of Connaught.

Prince of Wales. The Queen.

The Empress Frederick.

The Emperor Frederick. Duke of Clarence.

THE ROYAL GATHERING ON THE OCCASION OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE, 1887.

From the Painting by Tuzen.



READING THE BULLETINS AT THE "MANSION" HOUSE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. E. VAN ANROOY.

The Mansion House bulletin, posted in Wallbrook, was written in large blue characters, and could be read easily at a distance of six or seven paces. About the luncheon hour the pavement space would barely accommodate the crowd, but there was no pushing, each person waiting his turn quietly.

T H E D E A T H O F Q U E E N V I C T O R I A .



INQUIRIES AT THE GATES, OSBORNE.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.



THE QUEEN IN HER DONKEY-CARRIAGE.

T H E D E A T H O F Q U E E N V I C T O R I A .



Princess of Wales.

Duke of York.

Duke of Connaught.

Duchess of Argyll.

German Emperor.

Prince of Wales.

ROYAL WATCHERS AT OSBORNE: AN INTERVAL OF THE LONG VIGIL BY THE QUEEN'S SICK-BED.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

This sketch was made as the royal personages were taking the air in the direction of the Isle of Wight Convalescent Home.



THE QUEEN'S LAST DRIVE BEYOND THE GATES OF OSBORNE, JANUARY 15.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. S. BIRD.

This occasion was the last on which her Majesty was seen beyond the gates of Osborne by her faithful islanders. The Queen was accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

T H E D E A T H O F Q U E E N V I C T O R I A .



THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE NEWS AT THE MANSION HOUSE: THE LORD MAYOR READING THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TELEGRAM TO THE CITIZENS.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Appearing about 7 p.m. on January 23 at the window of the Venetian Parlour, the Lord Mayor said: "Fellow citizens, it is with deep sorrow I have to read to you a telegram which has just reached me from the Prince of Wales." He then read the telegram, which was as follows—"Osborne, 6.45 p.m. My beloved mother, the Queen, has just passed away, surrounded by her children and grandchildren.—Albert Edward." The message was received with profound and sorrowful silence.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH, WHERE THE QUEEN WORSHIPPED DURING HER VISITS TO OSBORNE.

The Rector of Whippingham on Sunday asked the prayers of all present for the Queen, and later was summoned to the sick-chamber. At Whippingham Church Princess Patricia was married to Prince Henry of Battenberg.



READING THE BULLETINS AND SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK AT OSBORNE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. A. FORESTIER.

Nowhere have the Bulletins been read with greater eagerness than at Osborne, whence they have been duly despatched to all quarters of the Empire. The signing of the Visitors' Book at Osborne has had its counterpart in London, where a similar formality has been daily observed at Buckingham Palace and at Marlborough House.

VICTORIA, THE MOTHER OF HER PEOPLE.



THE QUEEN'S KINDNESS TO HER SOLDIERS' CHILDREN: CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE GUARDSMEN SERVING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE QUEEN IN HER WINDSOR SANCTUARY.



THE QUEEN AND HER GRANDCHILDREN IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

FROGMORE, AND ITS ROYAL RESTING-PLACES.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S MAUSOLEUM.



Photo, Stereoscopic Company.

THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM: INTERIOR, WITH EFFIGY OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Before the death of the Duchess of Kent, Frogmore signified to the royal family one of the most charming of royal residences and estates situated within a walk of Windsor Castle, and endeared by many memories of former members of the reigning House. So closely associated with the Queen's mother had Frogmore become that it was decided that there also, in the lovely grounds of her former home, should be erected her mausoleum. The Queen and Prince Albert took great interest in the design and building of the Duchess of Kent's last resting-place; and on Aug. 20, 1861, Prince Albert, writing to his eldest daughter, observed, "The mausoleum has become very beautiful; and just what it should be—appropriate, pleasing, solemn; not doleful or repellent (schrecklich)."

Less than four months later the bereaved Sovereign was choosing the site where all that was mortal of the Prince Consort should be laid to rest, and her Majesty naturally selected a spot already endeared to her by such tender associations, and within a short distance of her principal home. Accordingly, no time was lost in preparing the plans for a mausoleum which, from its nature, might fitly symbolise the character and rare nature of him to whom it was to be dedicated; and the work was proceeded with so rapidly that within a year it was ready to receive the Prince's remains. Various designs, belonging to every period, were submitted to the Queen, and that finally chosen was exceedingly fine and original, not, as has been suggested, copied from any Continental model. As for the splendid marble sarcophagus on which Marochetti's beautiful recumbent statue of the Prince Consort now rests, it was not added till some time later, a temporary stone sarcophagus occupying, on the day of the opening ceremony, Dec. 18, 1862, the centre of the building.

The Prince Consort's mausoleum is naturally of a more imposing and

splendid character than that of the Duchess of Kent. The memorial edifice is cruciform in plan, with a cell in the crossing lighted by three semicircular windows in the clerestory. The copper roof is octagonal in shape, with a square tower surmounted by a gilt cross. The whole exterior of the mausoleum is faced with Aberdeen and Guernsey granite and with variously coloured building-stones.

Beneath the dome of the cell is placed the splendid sarcophagus supported by bronze angels, the Prince's recumbent figure being of white marble. Over the altar is a large painting of Christ coming out of the tomb, and the Roman soldiers falling down under their shields, overcome by His triumph over Death. In one of the recesses is a lovely monument—two recumbent figures, that of the royal mother and child so strangely united in death—to the Princess Alice. The Queen and her children frequently visited the mausoleum, and once each year, on Dec. 14, all those members of the royal family then in the kingdom attend a memorial service held in remembrance of the Prince Consort, and on that one day the public are admitted to walk through the mausoleum, cards being issued for that purpose.

As is well known, the Queen generally spent her mornings when at Windsor in the grounds of Frogmore House, in a verandah-surrounded bungalow built close to two fine evergreen oaks said to date from the days of the Crusades; but the two mausoleums are so embowered in foliage that they are quite hidden from the gardens, and only glimpses of either edifice are discernible from the Long Walk in Windsor Great Park. An out-of-door life was habitual with the Queen from the time of her earliest years, when at Sidmouth she grew and prospered, to the delight of her parents; and again later, when at Kensington Palace with her mother, the young Princess frequently in summer breakfasted in the open air.



Photo, Wilson, Aberdeen.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S MAUSOLEUM: DOME AND PERISTYLE.



Photo, Stereoscopic Company.

THE QUEEN'S TEA-PAVILION.



Photo, Wilson, Aberdeen.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S MAUSOLEUM.

ROYAL PERSONAGES AT OSBORNE DURING THE QUEEN'S LAST ILLNESS.



Photo. Reichard and Lindner.
THE KAISER.



Photo. Gunn and Stewart.
PRINCE OF WALES.



Photo. Gunn and Stewart.
PRINCESS OF WALES.



Photo. Russell.
DUKE OF YORK.



Photo. Russell.
DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



Photo. Russell.
DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.



Photo. Russell.
PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.



Photo. Russell.
DUCHESS OF YORK.



Photo. Russell.
PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES.



Photo. Jensen, Copenhagen.
PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES.



Photo. Downey.
DUKE OF FIFE.



Photo. Downey.
DUCHESS OF FIFE.



Photo. Ulenhuth, Coburg.
DUCHESS OF COBURG.



Photo. Russell.
PRINCE CHRISTIAN.



Photo. Bassano.
PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.



Photo. A. Ellis.
PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.



A GLIMPSE OF THE QUEEN'S HOME LIFE: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Dr. North and His Friends. By S. Weir Mitchell. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)
The Harp of Life. By Elizabeth Godfrey. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
The Great Famine and its Causes. By Vaughan Nash. (London: Longmans.)
A Comrade's Troth. By E. A. Gillie. (London: Shaw.)
Madagascar, Mauritius, and other East African Islands. By Professor Dr. C. Keller. Translated by H. A. Nesbit. (London: Swan Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.)
The Visits of Elizabeth. By Elinor Glyn. (London: Duckworth. 6s.)
Rose Island. By Clark Russell. (London: Arnold.)
The Life of Paris. By Richard Whiteing. (London: John Murray. 6s.)
Helen Faucit (Lady Martin). By Sir Theodore Martin. (London: Blackwoods. 10s. 6d.)

"Dr. North and His Friends" is not a novel. You could index it without loss of self-respect—an infallible test. But it comes very near being a novel, and is as entertaining as if it were one without reserve. The central characters are the Norths and the Vincents, two married couples, alike only in their "entire comprehension of what is needed to make marriage the perfect bond of noble natures"; an impulsive genius, St. Clair, who with Sibyl Maywood supplies the slight sentimental interest; and the great scholar and rugged and tender man, Clayborne. In the company of these well-bred and cultivated friends we spend delightful days and nights, enjoying their stories, joining in their speculations, and introduced to their acquaintances who come and go. The circle is, perhaps, just a little too superior, with a superiority unknown outside the States. It may be Dr. Mitchell's fault. He is not quite successful in giving flesh and blood to the members of it. He differentiates very subtly but not convincingly: when Vincent and Xerxes Crofter are opposed, the distinction is sufficiently vivid; but when Dr. Afton joins the circle we suddenly realise that it comprises, after all, one person only, call him North or Afton or Vincent. This, however, is due to the limitation of the method the author has employed, and we readily admit that in other respects he abundantly displays the expertness of the accomplished novelist. Moreover—and this is the important point—any coldness in the presentation of the characters detracts nothing from the entertainment of their discourse. A wholly delightful book!

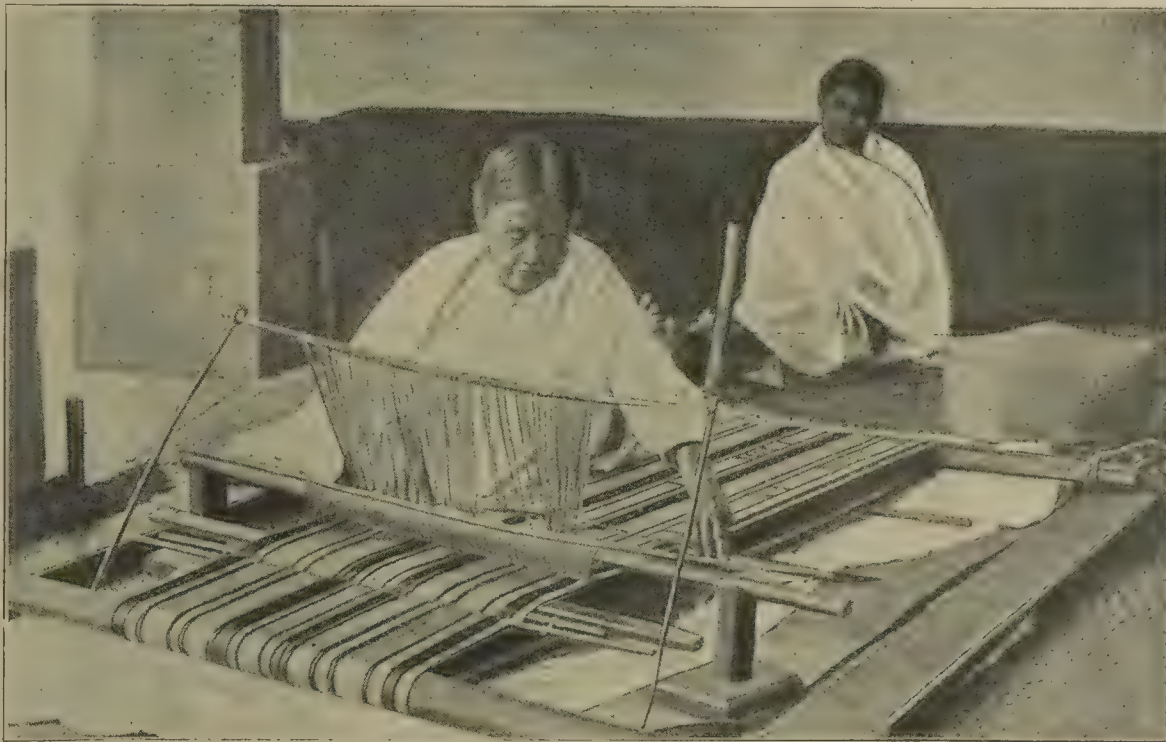
"The Harp of Life," by Elizabeth Godfrey, is the story of a violinist, Roger Redway, who marries Rose Alba, a singer, and finds himself in a sea of trouble in consequence. Rose, a good girl, is flighty and weak; Roger is strong, almost to hardness. Their story is told with a view to one of them, Roger; and we are left in doubt as to the ultimate effect upon the wife of a pitiful experience which, we learn, has purified the husband's nature, and opened up new possibilities for him in his life and art. In a sense, this is a musical novel; and musical novels are apt to strike the uninitiated as vague and over-emotional, and charged with a meaning that vanishes like a vapour when one attempts to define it. "The Harp of Life" suffers from this quality of intangibility, but still more in places from the opposite fault of over-definition. If we may venture on a figure from Redway's own art, we would say that in some passages demanding the most delicate treatment the author shows a clumsy hand at work. We hasten to add, however, that we are referring to instances of inexpert workmanship, not to errors of taste. It is chiefly in the portions of the narrative which link the main action that she fails, and her failure is due to an irritating insistence on commonplace details. Despite its very ordinary faults, however, "The Harp of Life" is lifted into a higher plane by a distinction and seriousness of intention. We are impressed, even when we are forced to smile.

The letters published in "The Great Famine" appeared first in the *Manchester Guardian*. The writer has based his conclusions on an eleven weeks' tour in the famine area from the Deccan to the Punjab. Mr. Nash has succeeded in infusing a good deal of interest into his subject, but the interest is that of the dissecting-room. He finds the cause of famine in the extortion practised by the *bunya* as much as in the failure of the monsoon. "We have made the money-lender, once the village servant, into the village master; we have turned him from a useful agent into a blood-sucker; and we have stood as Shylock's friend whenever he came into court to enforce his bond." Mr. Nash suggests a number of reforms that would clip the claws of the money-lender. He would restrict the Hindu Shylock to a maximum of fifteen years' enjoyment of the mortgage property, after which it would lapse to the debtor. He would substitute for the present cast-iron system of Land Revenue a more elastic method of taxation fluctuating with seasons and crops, and based on an estimate of what the ryot may be reasonably asked to bear. He further advocates the introduction of usury laws that would protect the debtor, and a scheme, on the lines employed by Lord Cromer in the case of the fellaheen, to enable the ryots to buy back their land from the money-lender. In a final chapter, the author points out the injustices of the Land Revenue system, as it obtains at

present. He is justly severe on the present method of levying a fixed demand in good and bad years alike, and would suggest a similar system to that now in vogue in Jodhpur, which depends on, and is levied according to, the fluctuation of rainfall and crops. The question would then be, not how much can be squeezed from the cultivator, as at present, but how far he can be spared. There will be a new apportionment of burdens in which the wealthy financial and commercial interests, at present scarcely touched, will be made to pay their share. The value of the volume is enhanced by a map showing the famine area, and eight photographs illustrative of the relief work.

Miss Gillie's subject, the unswerving devotion of a strong man to the weak and feckless friend of his boyhood, is as old as the hills; but she contrives, nevertheless, to invest it with something of freshness, and "A Comrade's Troth" is at once readable and interesting. One does, however, get quite out of patience with the hero, Dr. David Dunbar, who carries his quixotic course of self-sacrificing devotion beyond all reasonable limits: it must have been galling to the lady of his heart to be so consistently renounced in favour of a man for whom she cared nothing at all! In the end, when David has injured himself—for life, as it would appear—in a successful attempt to prevent his friend from committing suicide, she has to propose to him herself, and even then to press her suit. Fortunately, David's accident has a salutary effect on the would-be suicide, and we leave him fairly embarked upon the thorny path of virtue.

Dr. C. Keller's "Madagascar, Mauritius, and other East African Islands," translated by H. A. Nesbit, is a work that has been carried out *con amore* by the author. "In these islands," he says, "tropical Nature displays her magic in all its fullness, and her history is replete with remarkable incidents." As a specimen of the characteristic illustrations with which the book abounds, we give a picture of a Hova woman at the loom. Weaving is the



HOVA WOMAN AT THE LOOM.—AFTER J. SUBREE.

Reproduced from "Madagascar, Mauritius, and other East African Islands," by permission of Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

chief industry of Madagascar, the fibres used for manufacture being cotton, hemp, and raphia yarn. From raphia yarn are made the durable palm-cloths which have found their way into European markets. They are woven from the leaf fibres of the raphia palm by drawing an iron comb through the leaf and thus slitting it. The threads are coloured with mineral dyes and fast vegetable colours. The loom is very primitive, the shuttle being a long piece of wood forked at both ends. Weaving is done by women exclusively. The palm-cloths have generally dull colours—green, yellowish brown, brown, and black. They are woven in strips, the average length of the pieces being 10 ft. by 20 in. Valuable silken cloths and scarves are woven by the Hova women in Imerina.

"The Visits of Elizabeth" may fairly be called an amusing book. In a series of letters to her mother, the heroine—a charming *ingénue* of seventeen before whom the men go down like mown grass—records her impressions while on a round of visits to her more or less exalted relations in their various country-houses, and in France. It is amusing principally because it implies a great deal more than it would be proper to say, and the limits of its suggestiveness are to be found in the reader's comprehension or the lack of it. As Elizabeth herself would have said, it is full of the things that mean something else. Apparently Elizabeth was unfortunate in her experience of English gentlemen, and one can only hope that her pictures of the ways of Society are occasionally overdrawn; though, no doubt, there are cliques and sets which merit the snub. The author has an enviable aptness of phrase and a happy knack of presenting the salient features of the people to whom she introduces us, and unless one is as innocent as Elizabeth herself—which, to put it mildly, is improbable—one cannot read her work and not smile over it.

"Rose Island" is a very good sample of Mr. Clark Russell's racy yarns of the sea. It opens with a weirdly powerful description of a West Indian hurricane, in which the uncanny feeling of the storm is finely suggested to the reader. Some of Mr. Russell's phrases and images in this picture are remarkably vivid and original—bizarre at times, suiting the bizarre subject, as, for example, when he talks

of the "bleary, wicked moon" that heralded the storm. At other times Mr. Russell's locutions are somewhat uncouth, and he is not always grammatical. He is guilty of the vulgar error "whom was"—"whom we know was so-and-so." As for the story itself, it is woven round his usual theme, love in the cabin of a schooner and danger on its deck. We can promise the reader that there is a sufficiency of startling adventures. The most avid lover of sensation cannot complain of "Rose Island" on that score; but the story (though good in a rambling, old-fashioned sailor way) is less remarkable as a whole than in some of its particular incidents, which are admirable detached pictures of happenings at sea. The storm at the beginning, the rescue of the French crew, the visit to the plague-ship, are described with a minute vividness only possible to a writer familiar with all the phases of the deep.

Mr. Whiteing has a theory that the French are a very old people—old, that is to say, in spirit, and very sad at heart. They are so despondent in private life that they must keep up violent pretences of high spirits in public. Hence the alarming speed of the motor-cars in the Paris streets, and the manifold extravagance of French politics. The nation "must find an outlet somewhere for the mere spiritual waste of its despondency, and, like the rest of us, it has a tendency to dump its rubbish into the public domain." Much the same thing has been often said of the Americans. In their private affairs they are "serious, calculating, close," but in Congress, and especially in the Senate, in their newspapers and romances—if there be any distinction between their newspapers and their romances—they are as flamboyant as the French. But no one who knows the American well would call him sad at heart, and Mr. Whiteing may be mistaken in his spiritual diagnosis of the Frenchman. Theories apart, there is abundance of keen and vivacious observation in the volume that Mr. Whiteing calls "The Life of Paris." There is an

admirable sketch of the administrative machinery, and there are many admirable sketches of the habits of the people. Mr. Whiteing notes that the French do not dance so much as they did. "Even the student no longer dances with conviction as he used to do when Mürger's famous book was young." Dancing has become "a mere industry," and male supers at the Opera contract with the management to pirouette at the Opera balls at so much an hour. For all that, let any one contrast the dancing at those balls with the dancing at the Covent Garden balls, and he will see that in genuinely energetic gaiety the French are still far ahead of us. In art, of course, they are supreme. Mr. Whiteing shows very graphically how intense and comprehensive is the commercial life of Paris, but also how unstinted and embracing is its artistic life. Art is the mistress of France, and her rule was never so unbounded as in these days of industrial competition. As Mr. Whiteing justly says, the crown of Meissonier's career was his election as mayor of Poissy, the little commune where he lived. "It signified the full and perfect acceptance of him by the ratepayer." Who can imagine English ratepayers electing a great painter as mayor! Between art and industry in this country there is a great gulf fixed. In France they are indissolubly united. For that reason, France, though her population may dwindle, and her political supremacy pass away, must remain the artistic centre of our planet.

Sir Theodore Martin has erected two memorials of his wife. One is in marble, and would have been placed, if Sir Theodore could have had his way, in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church at Stratford-on-Avon, over against the tomb of Shakspeare. This project was defeated by a public protest. The implication that Helen Faucit was Shakspeare's equal, if not his superior, is embalmed in the other memorial. No one can prevent Sir Theodore Martin from paying this extravagant homage to his wife in a book. The pity of it is that a work which might have been an interesting chronicle of the stage is merely an exercise in conjugal idolatry that few people will have the patience to read. When we find Sir Theodore complacently quoting some unknown scribe who said that Helen Faucit "elevated" the character of Shakspeare's Isabella, and "outstripped" the poet's imagination, we understand the obstinacy with which her monument was pressed upon the Vicar of Stratford. We are asked to believe that when Helen Faucit was playing heroines with Macready, he was quite a secondary figure in the public regard, an opinion for which there is not the slightest warrant. Macready is bitterly reproached for having studiously refrained from mentioning Helen Faucit in his "Diary"; yet Sir Theodore studiously refrains from naming any English actresses contemporary with Helen Faucit, or any who succeeded her. In his eagerness to belittle the stage after his wife withdrew from it, he falls into quaint contradictions. In one place we are told that Macready's revival of "King John" was as handsome in scenic appointments as any of the "so-called" revivals of our own day, and in another we read that elaborate scenic appointments are "incompatible with fine acting." It follows from this that Helen Faucit's Constance did not "elevate" Shakspeare, and it is Sir Theodore himself who is guilty of the sacrilegious suggestion!

The Deputy Mendicant.

BY W. E. NORRIS.



Illustrated by Abbey Altson.

WITH what ease, with what irritation, with what a strong desire (never carried out) to tear them up, unread, they are detected from among the others, those odious, heart-breaking begging letters!—recognisable at a glance by the unhappily initiated, even without that superscription of "Private," by which their writers are wont—Heaven only knows why—to denounce themselves. This one, however, differed a little from the common run. It differed, that is, in point of style, which was simple, direct, rather touching, and had I can hardly say what suggestion of possible veracity. For the rest, it was pretty much the old story. Mr. Richard Venning, poet and journalist, being reduced to the direst extremities, found himself forced, much against the grain, to appeal for help to those whom literature had treated less cruelly. His wife was dying of consumption; he himself was in danger of dying from the lack of anything to consume; he could find no market for the productions of his pen—what was he to do? There really did not seem much left for him to do, except to die or beg; so I sent him a trifle, hoped

that he might not be an impostor, and dismissed him from my memory.

I was reminded of him, on the next morning but one, by a really moving little note, in which he said that, although he must not promise, because he could not hope, ever to repay my kindness, there was one promise which he might make, and which he trusted would convince me of his gratitude—namely, that I should never hear from him again.

Of course, after that, nobody will be surprised to learn that, a few weeks later, I did hear from him again. I myself was not surprised, nor was I more angry than that kind of thing always makes me. There was really no need for the deep contrition and self-depreciation which he proclaimed. Given the circumstances described in his first communication, it stood to reason that his wife, if yet alive, must still require alleviations, that he must still be hungry, and that my small dole must long ago have been expended. At the same time, as we are so frequently admonished, it behoves the indolently charitable to make personal inquiry

into alleged circumstances. Either because my conscience was less sluggish than usual that morning, or because I happened to be disengaged, or because something in the man's method of expressing himself interested me, I took a hansom and drove off to the remote Islington district whence his missives had been dated.

The whole story turned out to be perfectly true. There he was, in a miserable, squalid lodging at the top of an extremely dirty house; there, upon a rickety sofa and shaken by a terrible, incessant cough, lay the dying wife; he had exaggerated nothing and suppressed nothing that I could discover; save, indeed, the fact that he drank—as he quite evidently did. And one could not reasonably have expected him to mention that. He disappointed me, I confess; in fact, I then and there conceived a profound repugnance for the sodden, leering, fawning creature which was not diminished by his lachrymose plaints or by the fulsome compliments which it pleased him to pay me upon my works (with which he incidentally displayed a very superficial acquaintance); yet his distress



The door opened and there entered a third person, whom Venning introduced as "My daughter Una, Sir."

was real and apparent enough, and if he was not in the least like his letters, very few people, after all, are. I had a tolerably long talk with him; I said some of the futile, possibly impertinent, things that one does say on such occasions, and I gave him more money. I could scarcely help doing that; although a quick, anxious movement on the part of the poor, breathless woman and a despairing look in her sunken eyes told me at once that I had placed it in the wrong hands. I could only console myself by the thought that, if I had bestowed the guerdon upon her, her husband would have had it out of her clutches in a brace of shakes.

Then, just as I was rising to go, the door opened and there entered a third person, whom Venning introduced as "My daughter Una, Sir." He spoke with a certain air of pride, waving a large, unclean paw at her, as who should say, "What do you think of that?"

Well, I thought her strangely attractive, despite her shabby gown and her sadly ill-fitting, worn-out boots. I am not sure that she was in reality so extraordinarily pretty as I afterwards came to consider her. A thin little face, hair of an indeterminate light brown tinge, a nose inclined to turn up at the tip, and a mouth by no means perfect in outline—these things, I take it, do not constitute beauty. Perhaps it was her dewy eyes, greyish-blue in colour and always changing, like the sea, that attracted me. I know not how that may be; but I do know that she has been found attractive, poor soul, by many and many another man more susceptible and more dangerous than this elderly scribe.

If at that moment I knew nothing about her, she knew all about me, and she also—as I perceived by the impatient frown with which she favoured me—knew what I had been about. I was fully prepared for the action that she took, after a short conversation conducted by her in a brisk, informal style, and very glad I was that she took it. Her father made no objection to her accompanying me out on to the landing and shutting the door behind her; it struck me that her father was a little afraid of her. It likewise struck me that, after a different fashion, she was a little afraid of her father, a big-boned man, with a hint of subdued violence in his unpleasant, blinking eyes; but there was not much time for forming impressions.

"Miss Venning," said I severely—for I thought I might as well take the offensive, instead of waiting for the rebuke which I foresaw—"your father drinks."

"Is that," she calmly and somewhat defiantly returned, "a reason for providing him with the wherewithal to get drunk upon?"

"No; but please remember that when I made the mistake to which you allude I was not aware of your existence."

"I should have thought," she remarked, "that a man of your brilliant intellectual gifts might have divined it."

She had an air of amused contempt for me and my alleged intellectual gifts, which, under all the circumstances, was scarcely becoming. But, indeed, that air was predominant with her throughout our relations from first to last, and I cannot even now tell for certain whether it was genuine or assumed for a deliberate purpose. A little of both, maybe.

"At least," I observed, somewhat nettled, "my intelligence is equal to the conjecture that it was you who wrote those letters."

She jerked up her shoulders. "Well, somebody had to write them, you see."

"I can only congratulate your parents upon possessing so skilful a deputy. Since you did me the honour to approach me, I may assume, perhaps, that you are in the habit of approaching other authors?"

"Oh, naturally. One may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, and it is only the first humiliation that hurts. But the other authors don't respond very freely, and my mother, as you must have seen for yourself, is at the point of death, and there is no money in the house, nor prospect of any, except what I can pick out of the pockets of the benevolent. What you have just parted with, for instance, might as well have been thrown into the gutter. You ought to have sent a postal order."

I said I would do so in future. It was by this time evident to me that there was going to be future expenditure on my part, and I made her promise (which she did quite readily) that she would temporarily abstain from soliciting alms elsewhere. I further ascertained—though more by intuition and inference than by what she actually divulged—what her situation was. She had to support two people who were incapable of supporting themselves, and of whom one had a grievance against her: that grievance being her obstinate refusal to utilise her one talent of dancing upon the stage. She had utilised this for a month, with results which she did not specify, but some of which might be surmised; she preferred want, she preferred mendicancy, she preferred anything to resumption of that employment.

These and other revelations were made in a hard, matter-of-fact tone which seemed intended to warn off vain remonstrance and misplaced sympathy. I offered her neither, though I felt a good deal of the latter, and scant were the thanks with which she accepted the banknote which I somewhat shamefacedly produced.

"After all," said she, as if in explanation of her attitude, when I took leave of her, "you are well off, you have no belongings, and, I suppose, as a novelist, you are always more or less on the watch for fresh material. Why shouldn't you pay for what luck may send you?"

I must say for Miss Una Venning that she had a most disconcerting trick of hitting the nail on the head, and that she seldom failed to convey to me the impression of being read like a book.

Although I greatly prefer that my books should be read (I remember her telling me once that she had glanced through several of these, and had found them more suggestive than interesting) than that I myself should be subjected to the same process, although Richard Venning was about as undeserving as he could well be, and although Una neither encouraged nor apparently liked my subsequent visits to Islington, I found it impossible thenceforth to dissociate myself from the misfortunes of a doomed family. Of course, it was for the girl's sake that I invented one excuse after another for presenting myself in those unsavoury lodgings. When I say that she interested me, I trust I shall not be misunderstood: what I could not explain without wearisome diffuseness, and possibly not even with it, is why I became so extremely fond of her. She certainly made no effort to win my affection or my esteem; if she gained both, it was on account of what I saw her doing, not by reason of what she saw fit to say to me during our frequent and protracted talks out there on the landing—talks interrupted by the upward or downward transit of offensive fellow-lodgers, who looked knowingly at us, as they passed. There was a whole martyrdom in her uncomplaining, unrewarded devotion to her parents, in her cheerful assumption of menial tasks, in her fierce determination not to be pitied. Upon the whole, she was nice to me, considering how bitterly her pride must have suffered from the necessity of having constant recourse to my purse. I think—I hope—she knew that that unavoidable transfer of coin was little, if at all, less hateful to me than it was to her, and we fell into the habit of getting the thing over without a word on either side. Every now and again she seemed to forget ugly facts, and to enjoy chatting with me.

"Tell me about the great world," she would say; "tell me about the lords and ladies, and the dinners and balls, and all the rest of it. What fun you must have when you are in the thick of that sort of thing!"

I do not have a great deal of fun, nor am I much in the great world; still, since the London season was just then at its height, I was able to give her something of the information which she demanded, and which evidently had a certain charm for her—the kind of charm, no doubt, which the absolutely unattainable has for all mortals.

"Do you think," she asked me once, with a delicious little clear laugh, which, at rare intervals, parted her lips, "that, supposing I had been a fine lady, I should have been a success?"

"My dear Miss Una," I replied, "nothing could ever prevent you from being a success in the sense of which I suspect that you are thinking. Surely you don't require me to tell you that you are irresistible!"

But such speeches invariably made her angry and generally made her rude. Whatever she may have wanted of me, it was not my admiration, and she gave me to understand as much in the plainest language.

Her father, alas! was of a very different way of thinking, and I could not but be aware of the construction which he placed upon my constant visits. Of course, I do not mean that he imputed honourable intentions to me, effusively and obnoxiously glad though he always was to see me. I wish to write as little as possible about the man, who ended by affecting me with a sensation of physical nausea; but at times I had misgivings as to the wisdom and prudence of my conduct. The only excuse was that money had to be conveyed to Una by some means or other; I suppose I must have forgotten her hint about postal orders.

What was to become of her? That was the question which weighed continually and increasingly upon me. What on earth was to become of her? Obviously she must ere long be thrown upon her own resources, and these, apart from the means of earning a livelihood which she had abjured, were, unhappily, worthless. She was not well educated, nor, so far as I am aware, is there any market for the variety of cleverness which was hers. She could not dig, or achieve the equivalent of digging, and full well I knew that when once she should have lost her parents (both of whom were hurrying towards the grave, although only one of them realised it), to beg she would be ashamed. The clear-sighted reader may perceive, as I myself began to perceive, that it was not Miss Una alone who was in peril of blundering into a *cul-de-sac*.

In the midst of these perplexities and dawning apprehensions, poor Mrs. Venning—quite parenthetically, as it were—died, and was buried. Her removal from a world which she must have been only too thankful to quit certainly did not afflict her husband, while her daughter was probably gladdened rather than saddened by the sufferer's release. But Una never laid her feelings bare to

anybody, and if her eyelids were sometimes red, it was not I who cared to invite a snub by remarking upon the circumstance. All, therefore, went on as before until the middle of July, when I came to the conclusion that, for more reasons than one, I had much better betake myself abroad. As a matter of fact, I always do go abroad about the middle of July, in order to drench myself inwardly and outwardly at certain German springs which are supposed to be good for my gout and which usually bring upon me an attack of that malady. So I abruptly announced my intention to Miss Una one afternoon, and she heard it without moving a muscle.

"I daresay that will be rather amusing for you," was her sole comment upon a piece of news which I had half flattered myself might perturb her momentarily.

"It will not be in the least amusing for me," I returned, "and you know it won't; but I think, all the same, that my wisest course—in view of my gouty tendencies, I mean—will be to go."

Meeting with no rejoinder to this allegation, I could not resist adding: "And how are you going to get on without me, pray?"

She displayed her little white teeth with an audacious laugh, and made the correspondingly audacious answer of: "Oh, you will leave us the means of getting on without you. We still interest you; we still puzzle you."

"One of you puzzles me," I disconcertedly owned; "I wish she didn't. For that matter, I can't quite see why she should be at such pains to do so."

"You would quite see," she rejoined, laughing again, "if you were not a little bit dull, notwithstanding your celebrated knowledge of human character."

She was not in a pleasant humour that day. She said things which vexed and jarred upon me, and I was angry with her for saying them, since she might have understood, I thought, that I was not going to be sentimental. So we parted with a cold shake of the hand and a vague allusion to the possibility of our meeting again in the autumn. I did not even ask her to write; though I had fully intended to put forward that not very unreasonable request.

I went to Germany and Switzerland, remaining away for a couple of months, and I honestly admit that never before in my life have I passed through so protracted a period of wretchedness and anxiety. Every day I pictured to myself all manner of disastrous things, any one of which was just as likely as not to have occurred; often, too, I underwent gratuitous torments through imagining catastrophes which, if unlikely, were nevertheless quite upon the cards. Yet I had promised myself that I would not trouble Miss Venning with a letter, and I did not. My return home one little week earlier than was my wont can hardly, I think, be accounted to me for lack of fortitude, and indeed it was as well that I made that small concession to strong desire; for otherwise I might never have seen Una again.

I found her upon the very eve of departure from the Islington lodgings. Her father (this was one of the not improbable events which had suggested themselves to me) had drunk himself to death; she was now alone in the world, and she proposed to lose no time in making her own living. This she told me in a few words, adding immediately—

"I am going to repay you all the money that you gave us, you know; I hope you believe that I have always meant to do that. Only it will take a little time."

"My dear girl," I answered, "what I gave was not given to you, but to people who are dead and who have no more debts. Please don't hurt me by mentioning the subject again. But how are you going to make money?"

"Oh, by dancing!" she replied. "There was no difficulty about it; I have got a good engagement already. And there is no danger, either," she continued, "so you need not pull a long face. I am quite capable of taking care of myself—now."

The reason why it had been impossible for her to take care of herself during her father's lifetime was hideously apparent, and I did not doubt her ability to hold admirers at a respectful distance now that that blackguard was out of the way. Yet—how could I endure the thought of her exhibiting herself upon the stage for the benefit of eyes and tongues which would have every right to comment upon what their owners had paid to see? We stood looking at one another in silence for a moment, and her face perceptibly softened. Then I took her hands in mine and said—

"Una, will you marry me?"

It had been coming to that for ever so long. I had all my wits about me, and knew well what I was doing. "No, thank you," she answered, smiling slightly, "I won't. But I am rather glad that you had the—what shall I call it?—the dare-devil courage to ask me." And after a short pause, she suddenly burst out laughing. "Oh, how relieved you are!" she cried.

Was I relieved? I am a middle-aged man; I have a certain position to keep up; I have relatives and friends who would be so shocked at my making a conspicuous fool of myself that I should assuredly see very little more of them were I to do so. I am afraid I may have been somewhat relieved; I am quite sure that I was deeply humbled and distressed. But perhaps I should have done

better to hold my tongue than to protest that I loved her, and that with her the world would be well lost to me; for at these assertions she shook her head, laughing a little sadly.

"Oh, no," she said, "you are not in love with me, and you never have been; though I did contrive to bewitch you for a time by behaving as if I rather disliked and despised you. I don't dislike you, for you have been wonderfully kind, and I should be an idiot if I despised your very natural prejudices. But it was indispensable—don't you see that?—that you should be bewitched. Now that all is over, and that we needn't pretend any longer, I can show myself in my true colours. From first to last I have been what you began by calling me, a deputy mendicant—deputy for a mendicant who without my strategy would never have got more out of you than your original alms. After that avowal, it is your turn to dislike and despise me, which will make you feel better, I hope. I haven't a word to say for myself, except that necessity has no law, and that beggars can't afford the luxury of a conscience."

She told me nothing that I had not at least conjectured, and her confession did not lower her by one hair's breadth in my esteem. I assured her of this, and I may have proceeded to other assurances less strictly veracious. But I was helpless. Protection I could not give her, nor did I even dream of offering her money. Whether there was sorrow on both sides when we parted I cannot tell; I know that there was a great deal on mine, although I was well aware that, had she consented to become my wife, ultimate regret would have been my portion, as well as hers.

She had a brief, but brilliant and lucrative stage career. Very soon I was repaid every penny that I had advanced to the defunct drunkard and his consumptive wife. I had not kept an account of the various sums; but she had; and these, together with the

dates of their receipt, were neatly set forth upon the slip of paper which accompanied Miss Una Venning's compliments, sincere thanks, and remittance. She married the only son of a South African magnate, and is, I am told, accepted by that queer, heterogeneous crowd which calls itself Society in London nowadays, and loves to be called "smart" by those who are not wealthy enough to belong to it. Not long ago I saw her driving in the Park, and, as our eyes met, I instinctively raised my hat, receiving in return a slight bow and a still slighter smile. This I took to imply that she did not desire to renew acquaintance with me; nor, indeed, do I think it desirable that our acquaintance should be renewed.

All the same, I sometimes wish that she could have managed to judge me with just a shade less of severity.

THE END.

THE NEW GALLERY.

Whatever else may be said about Sir William Richmond's pictures, brought together under conditions which invite criticism, they are sufficient in number to fill the rooms of the New Gallery and even to overflow into the balcony. Sir William Richmond is a comparatively young man—judged, for instance, by the standard of his brother Academicians—but he has been a diligent worker for five-and-thirty years at least, and can now give a good account of his time. That he will ever be reckoned a great painter few will be found bold enough to prophesy; that his pictures, apart from a few portraits, will have any attractions for posterity is

fealty to Leighton was easy and logical, as shown in the "Ariadne in Naxos." Thence we pass to the period when Mr. Watts seems to have exercised his sway not only in directing his imaginative but also his landscape work. "The Plain of Argos from Mycenæ" reminds one, in its treatment, of Mr. Watts's view of the Carrara Mountains from the plains; while in the "Birth of Venus" and, in a lesser degree, in "Icarus Starting on his Flight," we have the same ideal in view, or, at least, the same influence at work. The striking picture of "The Body of Sarpedon Carried by Sleep and Death" is conceived with greater boldness and individuality, but it

fails to convey the sense of originality of thought. Sir William Richmond is, in fact, a scholar before being an artist. The special qualities of his mind come out on his canvas perhaps unconsciously, but one is always forced to the conclusion that he knows more than he feels or is able to express. One might run through the more important of his larger pictures, such as "Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon," "Venus and Anchises," "Prometheus Released by Hercules," "Hermes," and others, and ask oneself how far Æschylus, Homer, Shelley, and other poets, ancient and modern, have presided over the production of these works. It is this quality of mind, moreover, which frees Sir William Richmond's art from all suggestion of imitation. He is sensitive to external influences; he reproduces what he has learnt in his own way, and with a fluency which many must envy. In this connection it is interesting to look at two such important specimens of his work as the "Shore near Spezzia," where Shelley's body was found, and the "Pastoral," in the South Room, where the influence of Walker and Mason are felt by the spectator.

In his portraits, as in his imaginative works, Sir W. Richmond founds no special school; but, on the other hand, he does not affiliate him-

self to any of his predecessors, although in some of the women-portraits a tendency towards Romney's ways may occasionally be detected. Their merit, however, in the eyes of posterity will be historical, not artistic. Few artists since Reynolds and Lawrence can more truly point to the advantage of connections (instead of pupils) than Sir William Richmond; and to have had among his sitters Prince Bismarck, Gladstone and Darwin (the two least successful), Robert Browning, Lady Stanley of Alderley, Dr. Lightfoot, and Mr. Andrew Lang, has enabled him to give a biographical sketch of the political, scientific, and literary leaders of the last half-century. His skill in obtaining good likenesses will be willingly conceded, and in the case of those named, and some others, there was need for little more, their characters and individuality being sufficiently marked.



"Una, will you marry me?"

equally uncertain. For good or for evil, Sir William Richmond's fame will rest upon his much-discussed mosaics in St. Paul's Cathedral, and for our part, we think that of these the next generation will show greater appreciation than the present. His merits in other ways are great; but he is essentially "the scholar-artist," not the master-painter. In the course of his career he has reflected the influence of many schools, but he has founded none; and it would be difficult to credit him with a single follower.

In early life he was attracted by the Pre-Raphaelites, and his picture of "The Sisters," painted in 1864, shows that even at that late date, the Brotherhood, although broken up, still held an influence over the art-impelled youth of the time. The French Neo-Classicalists seem next to have attracted him, if we may judge by his "Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon," and thence the transition of his

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Not once, but at least half-a-dozen times, during as many years, have I endeavoured to explain to the readers of *The Illustrated London News* the difference of sentiment—not of views—between modern Frenchmen and Englishmen with regard to duelling. I am afraid all my attempts in that direction have been so much waste of ink and paper, and I shall certainly not try again. I can only say this: There are certain insults and offences which Frenchmen cannot understand being effaced by a verdict, accompanied with damages or imprisonment, against the offender; Englishmen, on the other hand, do not consider that such offences and insults ought to be cleansed by the blood or the life of the offender.

Thus far, the feelings on both sides with respect to the gravest wrong one man can inflict upon another. There is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, and the excitable Gaul is apt to take that step in the heat of his passion; hence a number of duels which the most ardent and obstinate advocate of the custom can only describe as farces, though he himself would not have the moral courage to refuse a challenge based upon the most trifling causes, because he knows what the direct social consequences of such a refusal would be. It is more than probable that all his friends would give him the cold shoulder, and that if he have a son old enough, the latter would be forced into one or more encounters, unless he should resign himself to be ostracised like his sire. The wife of the man who had thus set conventionalities at naught would most likely be cut off from all intercourse with her female friends. Her proposed calls upon all and sundry of these would be met with a polite "Not at home," and her cards, left under such circumstances, would be absolutely ignored. If the man have a marriageable daughter, there is no young fellow her equal in position who would care to ask for her hand; if he did, his family would oppose with might and main the contemplated union, and the whole of their circle would side with them. If the suitor *quand même* were of an age to dispense with his parents' consent, there would be a *sommation respectueuse*—that is, he would inform his father and mother officially of his intention to marry and lead his bride to the altar; but there would be another scandal, and one or two more, and the whole of them would recoil upon the family of the original "defaulter to honour's laws," for that is what the man who declined the challenge would inevitably be called.

I am writing in sober earnest—the reader may take my word for it; for though I am ready enough to treat many things lightly, the subject of duelling, for reasons that need not be explained here, has never stirred the small capacity for satire I may be conscious of possessing. I have put the case plainly in view of the duel fought on Sunday between Baron Robert de Rothschild and Comte de Lubersac, the issue of which was in favour of the former.

Baron Robert de Rothschild is just of age; he is still serving with his regiment; Comte de Lubersac is somewhat older, and these two were at school together. M. de Lubersac sent a challenge about a twelvemonth ago to his erstwhile schoolfellow, which challenge was withdrawn, subject to being renewed, when the challenger learnt that M. de Rothschild was still a minor, although his father had given him permission to accept the cartel. More than this I do not know, and I question whether the outside world does. The challenge, according to M. de Lubersac, arose from a youthful quarrel of these two while they were wearing the uniform of *zouaves*—read *lycées*. Was it a grave affair, justifying the deferred action, or is it an attempt on the part of the Comte de Lubersac to make himself conspicuous? I am unable to say. Is there a bit of anti-Semitism underlying all this? That suggestion must also remain unanswered.

One thing is, however, certain: M. Robert de Rothschild had from the outset no wish to evade the responsibility thrust upon him by M. de Lubersac. Had such a thought entered his mind he would have had to abandon it, for to have acted upon it would have meant, as I have already explained, social ostracism; and all M. de Rothschild's money, and that of the whole of his family throughout Europe combined, would not have averted that ostracism. Will Englishmen maintain after this that any young countryman of theirs, under analogous conditions, could have avoided the ordeal?

And lest my readers, in spite of my protestations to the contrary, should think me guilty of exaggeration, I will tell them two stories. The Catholic Church visits with minor or major excommunication the duellist, according to the gravity of the affair. One day Monseigneur Affre, the Archbishop of Paris, who died in trying to preach peace to the Revolutionists of 1848, was talking to Monseigneur Olivier, Bishop of Evreux, about duelling. "What would you do, Monseigneur?" asked the latter, "if someone boxed your ears?" "Monsieur," replied the Archbishop, "I know well enough what I ought to do; I do not know what I should do." Monseigneur de Merode, one of the distinguished members of Pius the Ninth's prelature, while studying to take orders, was insulted by a fellow-student, not intended to be an ecclesiastic. He did not challenge him, but abandoned his career for the time being and took service in the Army, in order to prove his courage, lest it should be suspected. Monsignor di Rende, once Papal Nuncio in Paris, and subsequently Bishop of Benevento, knew all this; nevertheless, he once gave his unmistakable opinion with regard to *duels pour rire*. A highly placed Republican personage had stood the ordeal of such a comic encounter. "I'm afraid you'll not shake hands with me," he said, when he met the prelate at an official reception. "Why not?" was the answer; "the Church does not take notice of attempted puffs at the point of the sword. She might as well forbid people going to the *jeux de massacre* on the outer boulevards." The *jeux de massacre* are a kind of French "Aunt Sally." This shows the views of the Latin clergy with regard to the duel, which their religious tenets condemn.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

B W (Nottingham).—You can have nine Queens of one colour or the board at the same time, if you can get eight Pawns to their eighth square.

F DALBY.—It is impossible to discuss the question here. The relative magnitude of a dual must always be a matter of taste, and we can well understand some critics have easier opinions upon the subject than others. The problem you submit would probably shock the purists, but we ourselves would regard it somewhat leniently.

INQUIRER (Sudbury).—The position is incorrect on the diagram. The Black Pawn you have placed on K 6th should be on Q 6th.

BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).—Problem No. 2952 cannot be solved 1. Kt to Kt 4th, and it would not be a bad exercise for you to discover why.

H D O BERNARD.—Your problem shall appear.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2946 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chile) and J E (Valparaiso); of No. 2953 to 2955 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 2958 from M A Eyre (Folkestone), F B (Worthing), Mrs. E E Morris (Barnstable), J Bailey (Newark), and H W Satow (Liscard); of No. 2959 from Dr. Goldsmith, T D (Liscard), Edward J Sharpe, Shadforth, T Colledge Halliburton (Edinburgh), Henry A Donovan (Listowel), W H Bohn (Worthing), and H Le Jeune.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2960 received from Clement C Danby, R Nugent (Southwold), F W Moore (Brighton), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Alpha, W H Bohn (Worthing), T Colledge Halliburton, Edward J Sharpe, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Robert Bee, H Le Jeune, R Worters (Canterbury), F Snell, F J S (Hampstead), Edith Corser (Reigate), R Sephton, Charles Burnett, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Miss D Gregson, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), C E Perugini, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), F Dalby, Shadforth, T Roberts, J A S Hanbury (Moseley), Henry A Donovan, Sorrento, Hereward, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), J H Warburton Lee (Whitchurch), F H Marsh (Bridport), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), H S Brandreth (Florence), C B U (Oxford), H Vincent (Chertsey), L Penfold, and C M O (Buxton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2959.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE.

1. B to Q 7th
2. B to Kt 2nd (ch)
3. Q or B mates.

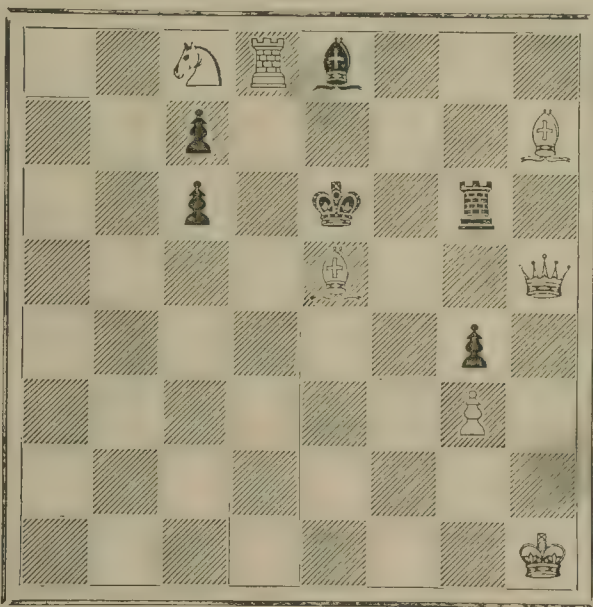
BLACK.

- K to Q 5th
- K moves

If Black play 1. B takes P, 2. Q to Kt 7th (ch); and if 1. anything, then 2. Q to K 3rd (ch).

PROBLEM No. 2962.—By W. A. CLARK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN IRLANDUDNO.

Game played in the Craigside Tournament between Messrs. W. H. GUNSTON and G. E. H. BRILLINGHAM.

(French Defence.)

- | | | | |
|---|----------------|---|------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. G.) | BLACK (Mr. B.) | WHITE (Mr. G.) | BLACK (Mr. B.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 3rd | 13. B to R 3rd | Q to K 2nd |
| 2. P to Q 4th | P to Q 4th | 14. Kt to R 4th | P to B 3rd |
| 3. Kt to R 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 15. P to B 4th | P takes P |
| 4. B to K Kt 5th | B to K 2nd | 16. Q P takes P | Q Kt takes P |
| 5. P to K 5th | K Kt to Q 2nd | A more interesting way of sacrificing, and probably more effective, is by 1. takes P. | |
| 6. B takes B | Q takes B | 17. P takes Kt | Kt takes P |
| 7. Kt to Kt 5th | | 18. K R to B sq | Kt to Q 6th (ch) |
| As the Knight has soon to retire to R 3rd, it can hardly be worth while to go so far to no purpose. | | 19. K to K 2nd | B to Q 2nd |
| 7. Q to Q sq | | 20. Q to Q 2nd | P to K 4th |
| Another way is by Kt to B sq, followed by Kt to K Kt 3rd. | | 21. B takes B | Q takes R |
| 8. P to Q B 3rd | P to Q R 3rd | 22. Kt to K 3rd | Q to R 6th |
| 9. Kt to R 3rd | P to B 4th | 23. K Kt to B 5th | Q R to Q sq |
| 10. Kt to B 3rd | Q Kt to B 3rd | 24. K to Q sq | P to Q 5th |
| 11. Kt to B 2nd | P to B 5th | 25. Q to Kt 2nd | P takes Kt |
| Leaving White's centre of Pawns very strong, but the object seems to be to weaken the Q Kt P. | | A most enjoyable ending is the result of this slip. | |
| 12. P to K Kt 3rd | Castles | 26. Kt to K 7th (ch) | K to R sq |
| | | 27. Kt to Kt 6 (ch) | K to Kt sq |
| | | 28. Q to Q 5th (ch) | Resigns. |

CHESS IN SWEDEN.

Game played between Messrs. A. T. TACKHOLM and A. FREDHOLM.

(Petroff Defence.)

- | | | | |
|--|------------------|--|-----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. T.) | BLACK (Mr. F.) | WHITE (Mr. T.) | BLACK (Mr. F.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 20. K to K sq | Q to B 6th |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 21. P to Kt 4th | |
| 3. Kt takes P | P to Q 3rd | There is no time for this. | |
| 4. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt takes P | 22. K to K 2nd | Kt to B 4th |
| 5. P to Q 4th | P to Q 4th | 23. B takes P | P to Q R 3rd |
| 6. B to Q 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 24. Q to Kt 3rd | R to Q R sq |
| 7. Castles | B to K 2nd | If P to Kt 5th, Q R takes B seems fatal. | |
| 8. R to K sq | B to K Kt 5th | 25. Q takes P (ch) | K to R sq |
| 9. P to B 3rd | | 26. K to Q sq | |
| It may be an open question whether B takes Kt is good for White or not. He gains a Pawn, but at too much risk. | | It is not clear why P to Q R 4th would not prove a defence. If then, R takes P, Q takes R (ch) would mate. This point, and the interesting series of moves concluding the game, may be studied with advantage. | |
| 9. P to B 4th | P to B 4th | 27. Q to B 4th | R to K B sq |
| 10. Q to Kt 3rd | Q to Q 3rd | 28. P takes Kt | Kt takes B (ch) |
| 11. Q takes Kt P | R to Q Kt sq | 29. K to B 2nd | Q to B 8th (ch) |
| 12. Q to R 6th | B takes Kt | 30. K to Kt 3rd | R (R) to K B 3 |
| 13. P takes B | Q to Kt 3rd (ch) | 31. K to R 3rd | Q to Q 8th (ch) |
| 14. K to B sq | Castles | 32. K to R 4th | B to Kt 4th |
| All this of interest. Black hopes by allowing White to play P to Kt 5th, to get the Bishop's file open for his attack on the White King. | | 33. P to Q 5th | Q to Q 8th (ch) |
| 15. B to Q Kt 5th | R to Kt 3rd | 34. K to Kt 5th | P to B 3rd (ch) |
| 16. Q to R 4th | B to R 5th | 35. P takes P | R to Kt sq (ch) |
| 17. P takes Kt | | 36. K to R 5th | R to R sq (ch) |
| Almost forced on W. B takes P is threatened, followed by Q to Kt 8th, etc. | | 37. K to Kt 6th | Q to R 5th |
| 17. B P takes P | | Black wins. | |
| 18. R to K 2nd | Q to B 4th | | |
| 19. B to K 3rd | Kt to K 2nd | | |

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A week or two ago I witnessed the performance of M. Jacques Inaudi (recently exhibited in London) at a provincial music-hall. Many of my readers may have had a similar opportunity of judging of the marvellous memory-powers which this man exhibits, and his case is well worthy of study from the particular point of view which the psychologist claims as his own. As he appeared before his audience, M. Inaudi presented us with the aspect of a decidedly undersized man. I was struck with the shape of his head. It is a head of the long type, with considerable prominence in the frontal region, as far as I could make out. His history is interesting. He was born at Onovato, in Piedmont, in October 1867. His family was in poor circumstances, and he himself began life as a shepherd-boy. When he was six years old he began to develop a liking for dealing with numbers, and for exercising his brain in combining numbers and in determining their relations. I learn that these operations were all of a mental nature. There was no counting on his fingers, or otherwise indicating numbers by outward and visible signs. Neither himself nor his elder brother, M. Binet tells us, could read. His primary education in his marvellous gift of memory began, it seems, with the remembrance of numbers and their relations, in the matter of addition, subtraction, and the like, through his brother reciting the figures to him.

From small beginnings in this way the big memory of Inaudi appears to have been evolved. What I saw in the music-hall may be briefly detailed. A platform was run out into the stalls from the stage. Inaudi occupied the end of this structure; his back was kept rigidly towards the stage during the whole performance. On the stage a series of blackboards was erected. A person accompanying Inaudi wrote the figures called out by the audience in large characters on the boards. Two rows of figures, including twelve or thirteen figures in each row, were first taken. These figures given by the audience were heard once and once only by Inaudi. After an interval of a few seconds he repeated them, and even corrected a slight error in one case, due to the person who wrote them on the board.

Then he used the figures for a sum in subtraction, performing this easily and practically instantaneously. After this came sums in multiplication and in division, and an exercise on the square root. Inaudi only heard the figures once mentioned. They stared me in the face as I sat in my stall, as they faced every other member of the audience. He correctly named them all in the order in which they appeared on the boards. He performed his difficult arithmetical feats without an error, doing the whole process mentally, of course, and without once seeing the boards. Finally, finishing his performance, he once again went correctly over all the figures from beginning to end as they appeared before us.

This was a surprising feat of mental arithmetic, founded upon a memory of a particular kind, and of a prodigious development. There was also another little performance which struck me as peculiar. Inaudi invited the audience to mention particular dates in any year, and announced his ability to tell the day of the week on which any given date in a calendar had fallen. He was tested thoroughly by the audience in this respect. People remember days of the week in the case of events which concern their family history. A man's marriage-day, the day on which a friend died, and so on, are all dates which are registered with us, not merely by date but by the day of the week itself. I tested two of the days given by Inaudi after the performance, and found him correct.

We have here, then, an example of a brain which, in the matter of memory and in the quick retention of intricate groups of figures, and of arithmetical operations connected therewith, stands on a distinct platform, psychologically regarded. There must exist, first of all, the faculty of thorough, instant, and accurate remembrance. For how long a period this remembrance lasts is another question. It would be interesting to learn if Inaudi could reproduce the figures used at one evening's performance on the next night. But, apart from this idea, we note, in the second place, the power of accurate reproduction of what has been heard, this faculty impressing one with the notion that the brain of Inaudi, to discharge such functions, must act automatically in a certain sense. If this is so, the fact in no way detracts from the marvellous character of his performance.

Memory is a complex thing, and includes within its scope many varieties of recollective powers. We are all familiar, in our own personal histories, with variations in our mnemonic acts. One man recollects things he sees better than things he hears, and *vice versa*. One man remembers faces, and their *locale*, so to speak, but forgets names, while his neighbour presents the opposite state of things. In Inaudi's case, I understand, his memory is founded on the information received by his ears. What is given to him in writing is pronounced by him aloud as if it had been communicated to him by some person speaking to him. This was his own declaration to the late Professor Charcot, of Paris.

From this we may conclude that the mental images which constitute the basis of Inaudi's feats are those of hearing and not of sight. In the case of some "calculating" men and boys, it has been asserted that they see in their "mind's eye" the figures on which they operate. With them it is a question of reading a series of figures mentally represented to them by their brains. With Inaudi it appears to be a case of intense development of the memory for things heard; and it is said his lips are actively at work repeating the figures with which his memory will deal. Be that as it may, it is a wonderful feat, this of Inaudi, and may well afford us food for thought. Doubtless much depends in the matter of memory on the original constitution of a man's brain-cells, but much also must be allowed for the influence of exercise, without which the best memory in the world must in time decay.



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LADIES' PAGES.

It was recently mentioned here that private theatricals were being substituted for balls in several of the great country-houses this January. One of these events which I had heard of as in preparation was at Chatsworth, and it has now gone off with brilliant success, in the presence of the Prince of Wales. The performance took place in the large ball-room, and was semi-public, as the Duchess of Devonshire allowed the tickets to be purchased, the proceeds to be given to a local charity. The house-party was, of course, a brilliant one. The Duchess has done more than anybody else to lead the fashion of wearing white by matrons, by showing how becoming it is to suitable personalities; her Grace on this occasion wore a lustrous cream silk, with panels of lace, and berthe and draperies of white tulle *diamanté*; a spray of pink roses at the left shoulder gave a touch of colour, and quantities of pearls were worn round the throat and falling over the figure. Lady Gosford, the Duchess's daughter, wore white and gold brocade; and silk or satin composed most of the best dresses, with a relief of embroideries or pailletted chiffons and tulles.

Private theatricals for such important audiences are rehearsed and stage-managed by a professional "trainer," and he is generally received as a guest of the house for the last fortnight's rehearsals, and given a handsome honorarium. For the less ambitious private performances a few "coached" rehearsals are very important; and professional dressers are indispensable to amateurs if a creditable appearance is to be made, for the amateur's "make-up" is never successful. The eyes are made pits of blackness, or else not brought out at all by the needful line of shadow beneath their lids. The cheeks bloom in lobster tints in spots or are left of a ghastly pallor. The stage-manager may be an amateur, if anybody of sufficient mingled suavity and firmness and with some degree of experience is to be obtained; but a guinea or two must be spent on the dressers. Whatever may be the nature of the audience's experience at private theatricals, the performers find infinite diversion in the business. They will quarrel, more or less politely; they will all have their grievances; they will complain of the time wasted and the irritation produced by the incapacity of others—no matter, they are living under new and entrancing conditions, and they are at heart delighted with the situation. Thus somebody's happiness is secured when private theatricals are organised. So let hostesses take heart against a sea of difficulties, and choose this form of entertainment, sure of pleasing some people.

St. Valentine's month will indeed be illuminated by the appropriate ceremonies this year, for it is to witness the nuptials of a Queen-Regnant and those of one of the greatest nobles of this country. The Duke of Westminster's bride-elect has chosen St. Valentine's Day for their wedding. As to that of the Queen of Holland, it has



PRINCESS GOWN OF COLOURED SATIN AND CHIFFON ADORNED WITH LACE.

been postponed once (which we all know is very unlucky!), and innumerable troubles have been worked up around the arrangements. The young Prince's request for "the Crown Matrimonial," and its refusal, arouses an unfavourable remembrance—that of Mary Queen of Scots' unfortunate marriage with Darnley, who made an immense fuss about his receiving that bauble, the title of King. How different was the ideal of our own Queen's husband, who so brilliantly succeeded in filling the difficult position of the husband of a Queen-Regnant: he has left on written record his conviction that the consort of a Queen-Regnant should not seek to be or do anything of or by himself, or before the public, but should make his position entirely a part of his wife's.

Again, the Dutch Queen's bridegroom stipulated very early in the proceedings for a complete separation in residence and daily life taking place on the marriage between his bride and Queen Emma, who has been so devoted a Regent and so tender a mother for her daughter. In this determination not to live with his mother-in-law, no doubt, the young Prince will be supported by public opinion among his own sex, for there is no more fertile subject for masculine wit than dislike of the mother-in-law. Yet why should it be so? If a man love his wife, ought he not to admire and respect the mother who has made the girl of his heart so exactly what he would wish? But I cannot recall one historic instance of a mother-in-law being beloved and welcomed to his home by a young husband, except that of Edgar Allan Poë. His mother-in-law happened to be also his aunt; and she devoted herself to the drunkard and pauper son-in-law with a self-abnegation that deserved his affection, indeed, but that was none the more certain of gaining it. While the sickly young wife lived, her mother was "the ever-vigilant guardian of the house against the continuous sap of necessity." She was the sole servant, keeping everything clean; the sole messenger, doing the errands, and making pilgrimages between the poet and his publishers." But she was rewarded for these menial and distressing services of love by such affection as the dissipated genius had to give to anybody; and in his sonnet to his mother-in-law, Poë expresses exactly what it

would have seemed *a priori* should be the sentiments with which most men would regard the women who stood in such a relation to them—

My mother—my own mother, who died early—

Was but the mother of myself; but you

Are mother to the one I love most dearly,
And thus are dearer than the mother that I knew,

By that infinity by which my wife
Is dearer to my soul than its own life.

But what simple-minded sentimentality is here? In how many cases is the condition precedent observed?



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Economical, Pure.
Always in Sight.

IT FLOATS.

Possibly—very possibly—those men do hold their mothers-in-law dear who also count their wives "dearer than life"!

In its first month, the first year of the century has witnessed several smart weddings. A pretty one was that of the second daughter of Lord Belper, the Hon. Lilian Strutt, with Mr. Malcolmson. The bride wore a gown of white satin most beautifully embroidered down the left side and deeply round the entire train with pearls and diamonds, in a floral design, apparently tied up at intervals with true-lovers' knots. Over this worked train fell a transparent veiling of chiffon. The seven bridesmaids were in white soft silk dresses with pale blue sashes. Miss Blanche Forbes, daughter of Helen, Lady Forbes, of Newe, and sister of Mrs. William James, was married to Mr. J. Blundell Leigh in one of those wedding-gowns that owe their beauty to the exquisite lace with which they are trimmed. Flounces of the most beautiful Brussels point almost covered the white satin skirt and train; on the bodice, a fichu of lace, combined with a foundation of chiffon, and fastened on with a large spray of orange-blossom, trimmed the satin, a little three-cornered vest of pleated chiffon appearing between the edges of the fichu, and a beautiful jewelled belt encircling the waist.

Evening dress is in a somewhat undecided or rather free-will condition at present. The fichu adopted on Miss Forbes's wedding-gown is seen on some party frocks. A rose-pink silk dancing-dress, with a Marie Antoinette fichu in rose chiffon trimmed with innumerable accordion-pleated frills of the same material, and a skirt with deep pleated flounce to match, was worn at Chatsworth. Another of the guests adopted the Louis XV. style, having a full skirt in white and silver gauze opening over a distinct front of lace, against which the sides were held by little bows of silver tissue. Empire styles are equally well worn. We shall see by the time the London season comes round which of the competing styles will have won most suffrages. The two illustrations given this week offer a choice between the Princess cut and the more ordinary full corsage and waistbelt. The Princess gown depicted is in coloured satin, with lace motifs laid upon it; a band of a darker shade of panno is the trimming, with berthe and flouncings of chiffon. The other gown is a harmony in black and white. The material is white gauze over silk, trimmed with bands of satin ribbon, and flowers in black lace laid flatly on the foundation. There is a sash of black gauze tied in a bow at the back, and fixed with a diamond buckle in front. A black gauze band relieved by diamond slides is worn round the throat. Such a gown really demands the glitter of many diamonds to give it the necessary effect. But that need daunt nobody, for if the jewel-case is not sufficiently well supplied, there are the Parisian Diamond Company's artistic productions to fall back

GOWN OF WHITE GAUZE OVER SILK, TRIMMED WITH BLACK LACE.



upon. Slides for neckbands, and buckles and brooches of excellent design, can be seen in abundance at any one of their places—143, Regent Street; 85, New Bond Street, and 43, Burlington Arcade.

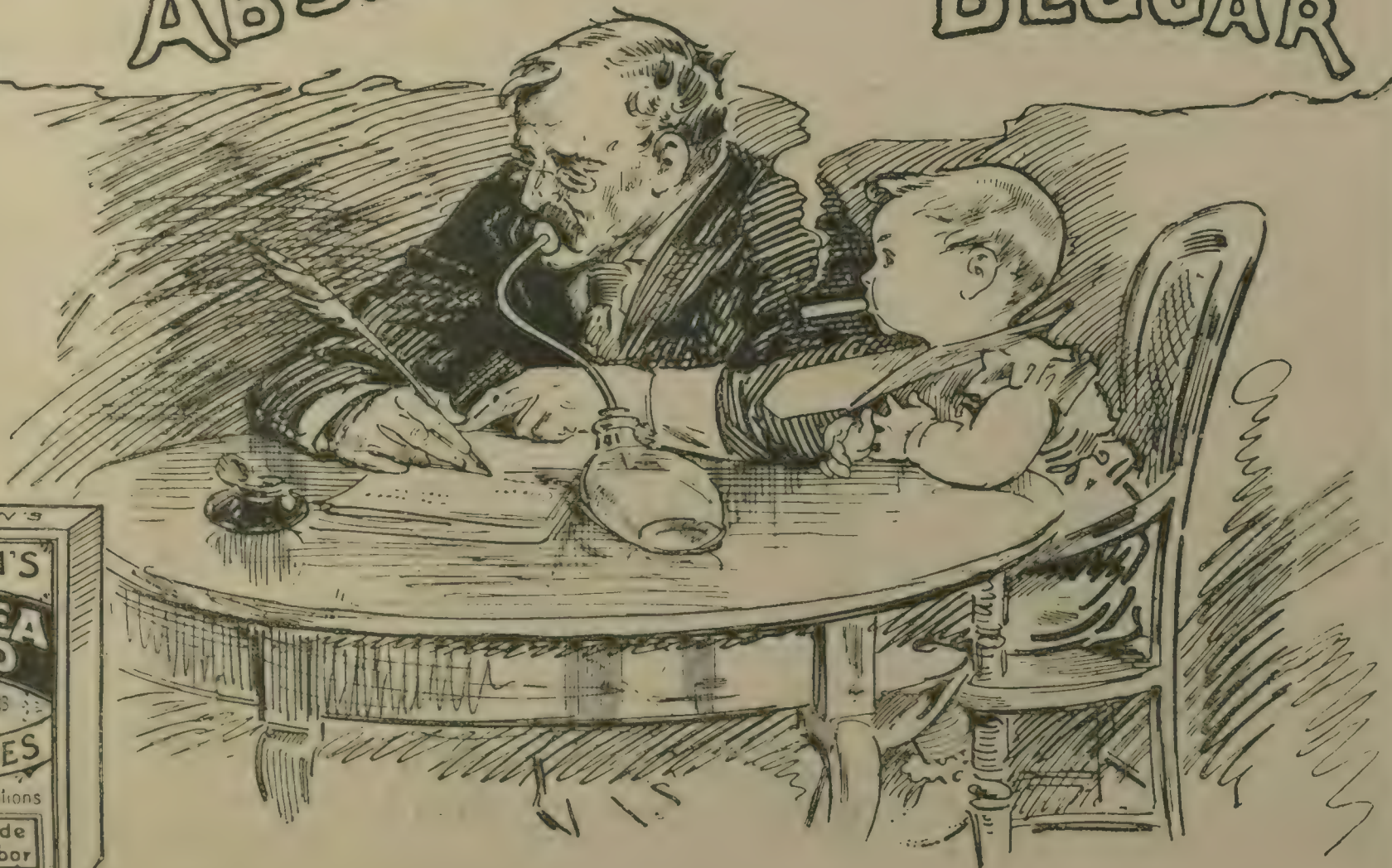
Huge flowers in gauze, in gold to affix on any coloured dress, or of a tint to harmonise or contrast with that of the robe, though they seem rather a tawdry addition to a fine material, are much used on the best of frocks in evenings. Some of these immense imitation blossoms have black chenille in the centre, by way of imitation stamens; some are sprinkled with a diamond or strass dewdrop or two. Long strands of chenille or baby-ribbon may depend from the flower. The left shoulder in front is the place where they are generally set, but some of the lace or gauze Empire gowns have such a flower placed between the shoulders at the back, with long and rather wide streamers of ribbon falling thence on to the train. These big gauze blossoms, like the bead-chains worn in the day-time, are inexpensive and somewhat gaudy additions to smart toilettes that are well worn for a time, and abandoned by fashionable women as soon as the mob catches up the ideas.

Elbow-sleeves or small puffs at the top of the arm are as much worn as no sleeves at all; merely a strap of velvet ribbon or a band of lace, or even a chain of jewels or a flower or two, serving some people instead of a sleevelet of the more ordinary kind. Elbow-sleeves are really the more becoming style to those who do not happen to be gifted by nature with a plump upper arm, and even in these days of athletic exercises it is not every girl who can boast of a well-shaped biceps. A transparent elbow-sleeve will relieve the effect in some cases better than nothing at all. After all, the sensible course in dress matters is to consider as impartially as possible what suits the individual, and follow the indications of commonsense as far as fashion's dictates will permit. A transparent lace sleeve, by the way, should always have a single lining of chiffon; it is not visible, but the softening effect and the support to the shape, the prevention of a floppy, flimsy effect, is advantageous.

Tags to ribbon or other ends are as much worn as ever. The chenille or ribbon strands above mentioned on evening gowns will often be finished with gilt or imitation jewelled *ferrets*, and cloth and fur coats no less display ends similarly finished, pendent from the neck or from a rosette placed against the closing point of the garment. For plain-coloured day-dresses *chené* or other very bright fancy ribbon is chosen to make a necktie. The ribbon passes loosely round the throat, hooking at the back of the neck, and is knotted in a sailor-knot or loose tie on the chest; the two ends are finished with handsome *ferrets*, and possibly a harmonising ornament or slide is placed on the central loop or knot of the ribbon. From Paris we are getting charming enamel tags and centre slides or catches in many colours; the more restrained Nouveau Art, and pearls and diamonds, are also worked on these fancies.

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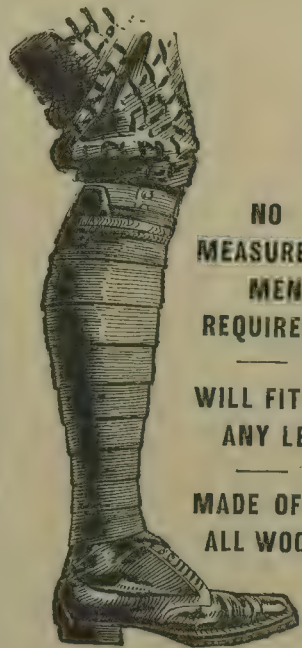
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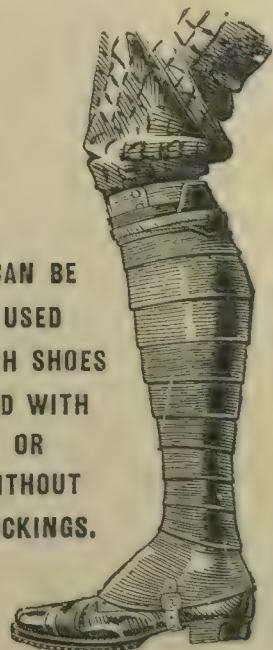
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THE ROYAL WORKS. ST. ANN'S SQUARE. PLACE JARDIN PUBLIC. 8, VON BRANDIS SQUARE.

65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C. Sir John Bennett's "Standard" Gold Keyless English Half-Chronometer. Specially adapted for all climates and Rough Wear. Ditto, in Silver, £15.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 15, 1899), with two codicils (dated June 9 and Aug. 25, 1900), of Mr. Francis Stanier, of Peplow Hall, Stafford, who died on Oct. 7, was proved on Jan. 1 by Beville Stanier, the son, George Gordon, and Joseph Guy Knight, the executors, the value of the estate being £591,808. The testator gives £500, a policy of insurance on his life for £5000, his wines, stores, horses and carriages, such furniture as she may select to the value of £200, and during her widowhood an annuity of £1500, or of £500 should she again marry, to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Judith Stanier; £52,000, upon trust, for his son Frank Justice Stanier; £30,000, upon trust, for his daughter Dorothy Stanier; £18,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Lucy Caroline Drake and Mrs. Eleanor Mary Fisher; £60,000, and £20,000 upon trust, for his son William Sneyd Stanier; £200 each to his executors; £5000 each to his brothers Thomas and Randle Baddeley Stanier, and to his nephews Guy and Ernest Stanier; £1000 each to his sisters Mrs. Mary Jane Gordon and Mrs. Alice Constance Master; and legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. He devises the Peplow Hall and High Hatton estates to his son Beville for life, with remainder to his grandson Frank Adolphus Hood Stanier, for his life, with remainder to his first and other sons in seniority in tail male; his residence called Craiglerach House, Abony, with the furniture and effects therein, to his wife; and all his real property on the west side of the high road leading from Market Drayton to

Shrewsbury to his son Beville. Mr. Stanier settles the Biddulph estates in Staffordshire on his grandson Frank Adolphus Hood Stanier and his heirs male, but should the person in possession of the said estates become tenant for life or tenant in tail of the Peplow Hall and High Hatton property, then the Biddulph estates are to pass to his son William Sneyd Stanier. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Beville.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1897), with a codicil (dated March 15, 1898), of the Rev. George Streynsham Master, of Bourton Grange, Flax Bourton, Somerset, who died on Nov. 8, was proved on Jan. 14 by Robert Edward Master and John Henry Master, the brothers, the executors, the value of the estate being £60,321. The testator gives £3000 between Caroline Emma Eyre, Lucy Jane Caroline Eyre, and the ten children of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Hunt; £50 each to his brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces; and small legacies to relatives and servants. He devises the Bourton Grange property to his nephew Charles Onslow Master, for life, with remainder to his son George Gilbert Master, for his life, and then to the heirs male of his father, the Ven. Archdeacon Robert Master; and the family portraits, tapestry, and furniture, formerly belonging to Ann, Dowager-Countess of Coventry, the locket presented to his deceased wife by the Comte de Paris, his collection of carved-oak furniture, the Roman pavement and curios dug up by him at West Dean, and his furniture and household effects are to devolve as heirlooms therewith. The residue of his personal estate he leaves,

upon trust, to pay the income thereof to the person in possession of the Bourton Grange property.

The will (dated March 4, 1899), with a codicil (dated Nov. 8, 1900), of Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, of 60, Victoria Street, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on Jan. 15 by Charles Willie Mathews, Edward Dicey, and Richard D'Oyly Carte, the executors, the value of the estate being £54,527. The testator bequeaths his tortoiseshell and silver card-box, and clip to match, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; a carved silver-mounted cocoanut to H.R.H. the Duke of York; the original autograph full score of "The Light of the World" to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, in remembrance of the many happy hours spent with H.R.H. when he was writing it; his portrait, painted by Millais, to the National Portrait Gallery; the autograph scores of "The Martyr of Antioch" and "The Mikado" to the Royal Academy of Music; the autograph scores of "The Golden Legend" and "The Yeomen of the Guard" to the Royal College of Music; the MS. of "The Lost Chord" to Mary Frances Ronalds; the autograph scores of "Patience" and "The Pirates of Penzance," twelve full orchestral scores, and £100 to François Cellier; the autograph score of "Iolanthe" to D'Oyly Carte; the autograph scores of "King Arthur" and "Macbeth," twelve full orchestral scores, and £100 to Wilfred Bendall; the score of "Ruddigore" to W. S. Gilbert; and there are many gifts of plate and articles of vertu to friends. He gives £1000 each to Ann Sophia Stephen, Herbert Thomas

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Sullivan, Maud Helen Lacy, Richard Frederic Sullivan, George Arthur Sullivan, and William Lacy Sullivan, children of his late brother Frederic; £1000 each to his servants Louis Jaeger and Clothilde Raquet; £250 to Helen Maria Phillips; £100 to Clementina Robbins; £200 to Jane Sullivan; £100 to his uncle John Sullivan, and £100 each to his children Rose Lindsay and John Sullivan; £100 each to Benjamin William Findon and his two children; £100 to Mrs. Amy Burville Holmes; and £50 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Herbert Thomas Sullivan.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1884), with four codicils (dated April 6, 1886, July 1, 1890, Jan. 3, 1893, and Jan. 14, 1896), of Mr. Joseph Dobson, of Clarefield, Ripon Road, Harrogate, who died on Nov. 29, was proved on Jan. 12 by James William Close and Thomas Tannett, the executors,

the value of the estate being £16,249. The testator gives £2000, his horses, carriages, wines and stores, and the enjoyment, during her widowhood, of his house and furniture, to his wife, Mrs. Katherine Elizabeth Dobson; and £50 to James William Close. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 31, 1895), with three codicils (dated May 31, 1895, Nov. 8, 1897, and May 29, 1900), of Mr. Robert Norton, J.P., of Shepton Mallet, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on Jan. 5 by Richard Norton Corpe and Robert Norton, the executors, the value of the estate being £26,083. The testator gives £2000 to his sister-in-law Charlotte Bath; £1050 to Robert Norton; the income of £1200 to John Jeames, for life; one half of his shares in Stuckeys Bank, upon trust, for Ellen Hester Corpe, for

life, and then for Thomas Simon Corpe; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews and nieces.

The will (dated July 20, 1889), with two codicils (dated July 23, 1890, and Feb. 14, 1895), of Admiral the Hon. William John Ward, of 79, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, who died on Nov. 20, was proved on Jan. 14 by Lieutenant-General the Hon. Bernard Matthew Ward, the brother, the value of the estate being £25,367. The testator gives £4000 to his nephew Ernest Otway Ward; a diamond pin to his niece Kathleen; £500 to his niece Mrs. Rose Hotham; £100 to his niece Evelyn; his personal jewels to his nephew Maxwell; a pair of silver candlesticks to his brother Somerset; and his pictures, prints, bronzes, and statuary, and such of his furniture as he may select, to his brother Henry, Viscount Bangor.

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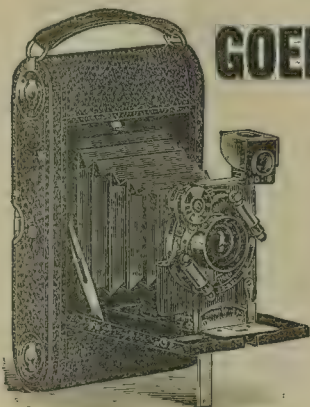
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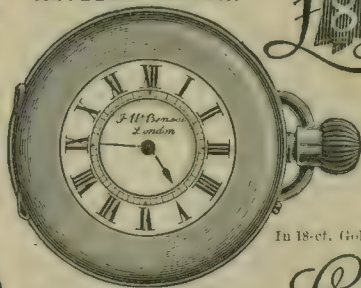
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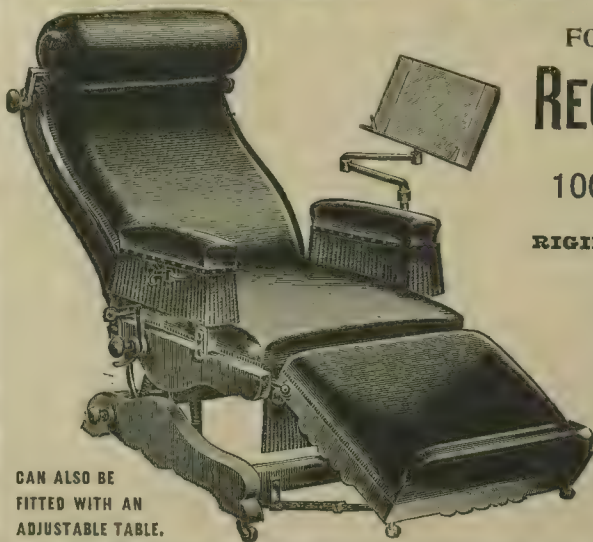
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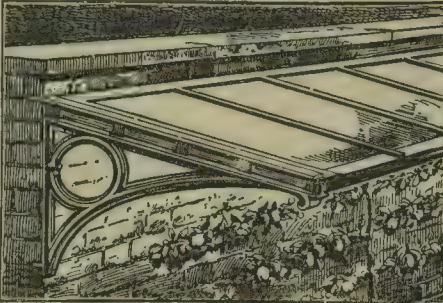
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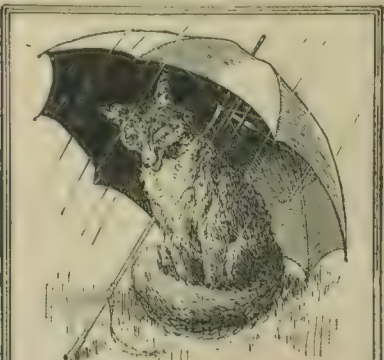
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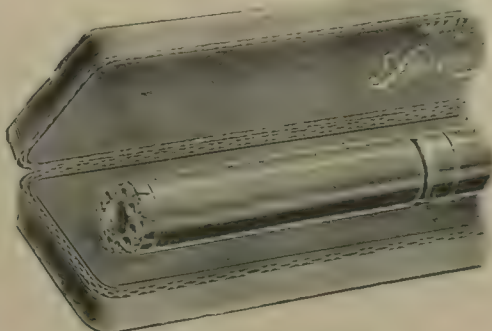
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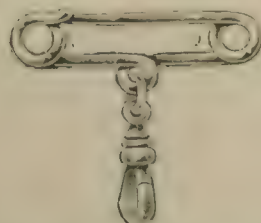
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THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF VICTORIA,

Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.

BY

MAX PEMBERTON.

It has been said truly that it was an auspicious day for this country when the Duke of Kent followed the earnest advice of Queen Charlotte, and sought the hand of Victoire Maria Louise, the fourth and youngest daughter of Duke Francis of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and one of the direct descendants of Frederic the Wise of Saxony, the friend of Martin Luther, and one of the stoutest supporters of the Reformation in Germany. This lady was but sixteen years old when she was married to the Hereditary Prince of Leiningen, he being then her senior by eight-and-twenty years. The union was in no sense a fit or happy one, but it served to develop those many admirable traits of character by which the English people learned to value the Duchess of Kent, and to find in her at the death of her second husband a fit and proper guardian for the young Princess Victoria. Her second marriage was solemnised at Coburg according to the Lutheran rites on May 29, 1818, and again on July 13 at Kew, when also the Duke of Clarence was married to Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen.

Of history in connection with the short married life of the Duke of Kent, there is little to be written. The Duke, as he was then, is well described in one of Baron Stockmar's letters: "A tall, stately man, of soldierlike bearing, already inclined to great corpulence. He had seen much of the world and of men. . . . Liberal politics were at that time in the minority in England, and as the Duke professed them, it can be imagined how he was hated by the powerful party then dominant." The Duchess is portrayed by another observer as "a little over thirty years of age," possessing a fine figure, good features, brown hair and eyes, a pretty pink colour, winning manners, and graceful accomplishments—particularly music. Certain it is that husband and wife had a keen sympathy with each other, and that their union was never clouded by any trouble but that which was external and due to the Duke's financial embarrassments. They spent their honeymoon in the Castle of Amorbach, and at length took up their residence in Kensington Palace, where, on May 24, 1819, their little daughter, the future Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, was born. In that welcome hour the Duke proved himself a prophet, for he held the child up, saying, "Look at her well, for she will one day be Queen of England!" A true prophecy from a man into whose life hope had entered but to be shattered, for Princess Victoria was not a year old when her father died at Sidmouth, and she was left to the loving and constant care of her grief-stricken mother.

The Duchess of Kent spent the first days of her long mourning at Kensington Palace, whither she took her

infant daughter and prepared to reside. One of her first acts was a work of philanthropy akin to few in royal annals, for she devoted the whole of her capital to the payment of some part of her husband's debts, leaving herself absolutely dependent on Parliament for her maintenance. The act was the more noble in the remembrance of the annuity she had sacrificed that she might marry the Duke, and of the poor expectation of any generous treatment from the House of Commons. In the year 1825, however, an additional grant of £6,000 a year was made for the better maintenance of her daughter, and as the wants of the family while at Kensington were few, pecuniary embarrassment was henceforth but little felt. The Duchess, from the beginning, set herself to the work of the personal education of the Princess. As the years went on, others helped—the Duchess of Northumberland, the Baroness Lehzen, and Dr. Davys, subsequently Bishop of Peterborough, among the number; but in the main the Duchess herself planned the curriculum, and personally supervised its execution. We are told that the child showed an extraordinary facility for music when she was but eight years old, that at the age of ten she could converse fluently in French and German, that she always had a taste for drawing and for languages, living and dead. She had a will, too, which often asserted itself and brooked little control; yet so kindly was her disposition and so strong her inborn gentleness that the apology invariably followed the hard word, as the sorrow trod on the heels of the fault. A very typical incident is that related of her early music lessons, when she protested against the monotony of mere tuneless exercise. She listened to the rebuke of her governess, who told her that she would never be mistress of the instrument. "What would you think of me," she replied, "if I became mistress at once?" "Impossible," was the answer; "there is no royal road to music!" "No royal road," echoed the petulant child, "am I not mistress of my pianoforte? But I will be, I assure you," and with that she locked the instrument up and put the key in her pocket. Yet, in a few moments, she had re-opened the keyboard again and set diligently to her work.

Kensington Palace, though bearing everywhere upon it the stamp of Wren, had lost all its glory from a social point of view during the latter years of the reign of George III.; but though gloomy and depressing in its internal effect, it yet possessed in many of its rooms outward and visible signs of the fame it had enjoyed during the first half of the eighteenth century. The gardens were comparatively private, and the city had scarce extended its arms to the palace door. Kensington Gore lay in the heart of a rural environment; the Bayswater Road was bordered by many pretty pasturages. Leigh

(Continued on page 14.)

QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER RELATIONS WITH HER ARMY, PARLIAMENT AND PEOPLE.



THE QUEEN DISTRIBUTING DECORATIONS TO WOUNDED OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS
FROM THE CRIMEA, MAY 21ST, 1856.

Sir Thomas Troubridge, who had two feet shot away, on being decorated by Her Majesty exclaimed with emotion, "I am amply repaid for everything."



THE DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATION OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL
ON JUNE 22ND, 1897.

The scene outside St. Paul's, when Queen Victoria amid thousands of her loyal subjects gave thanks for her sixty years' glorious reign, was the most stirring in our annals.



THE QUEEN'S RECEPTION AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON MONDAY, JUNE 21ST: LORD
SALISBURY, HER MAJESTY'S PRIME MINISTER, KISSING HER HAND.

After the banquet the Queen held a reception which was attended by the royal foreigners and envoys, the Indian princes, the officers of the Imperial and native Indian escorts, and the Colonial Premiers and their wives.



QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER PARLIAMENT: THE LORD CHANCELLOR PRESENTS THE
ADDRESS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO HER MAJESTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The chief interest of the ceremonial centred in the presentation of a loyal address. This was read to Her Majesty by the Lord Chancellor kneeling.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN PRIVATE LIFE.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT CIMEZ IN THE SPRING OF 1897: IN THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE EXCELSIOR REGINA HOTEL.



A ROYAL LUNCHEON AT WINDSOR: QUEEN VICTORIA WITH PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG AND THEIR CHILDREN.



QUEEN VICTORIA AS AN ARTIST: HER MAJESTY SKETCHING THE LAKE MAIANO IN WATER-COLOUR.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT CIMEZ IN 1897: HER MAJESTY'S FIVE O'CLOCK TEA ON ONE OF HER COUNTRY DRIVES.

PORTRAITS OF THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HER LIFE



AGED 4.



AGED 6.



AGED 8.



AGED 9.



AGED 10.



PRINCESS VICTORIA IN 1830: AGED 11.



AGED 10.



AGED 11.



AGED 18.



AGED 18.



AGED 18.



AGED 18.



AGED 18.

PORTRAITS OF THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HER LIFE.



AGED 19.



AGED 20.



AGED 20.



AGED 21.



AGED 21.



QUEEN VICTORIA, AGED 19.
From the Painting by J. Stewart.



AGED 22.



AGED 22.



AGED 22.



AGED 22.



AGED 23.



AGED 24.



AGED 25.

PORTRAITS OF THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HER LIFE.



AGED 20.



AGED 23.



AGED 27.



AGED 28.



AGED 36.



THE QUEEN IN HER BRIDAL DRESS: AGED 21.



AGED 42.



AGED 43.



AGED 43.



AGED 44.



AGED 45.



AGED 46.



AGED 47.

PORTRAITS OF THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HER LIFE.



AGED 48.



AGED 51.



AGED 51.



AGED 53.



AGED 57.



QUEEN VICTORIA, AGED 80.
Photo by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.



AGED 59.



AGED 68.



AGED 66.



AGED 70.



AGED 72.



AGED 73.



AGED 78.



QUEEN VICTORIA, AGED ELEVEN.
From the Portrait by Hayter.

Hunt has given us an insight into the simple life of the child Queen when he narrates, as one who has looked upon a pretty picture, the story of how he surprised Princess Victoria riding in Kensington Gardens on her donkey, which was bedecked with multi-coloured ribbons, while her mother watched her every movement. Another tells how that, in the zenith of the summer, he observed the Duchess and the child breakfasting beneath the shade of a spreading chestnut, they being unattended save by a single page. Of the general practices of the house, we know that the family breakfasted at eight o'clock, the Princess having her bread-and-milk and fruit placed at a table by her mother's side; that she then walked with the Baroness Lehzen until ten o'clock; that from ten until twelve she received instruction from the Duchess; that she took a plain dinner at two, working again some hours in the afternoon before her drive, her supper, and her bed. Indeed, for many years there came no break in her life. At the most it was a month or so at some pretty watering-place, some favoured country nook. Of all the former, the Princess had the greatest love for Ramsgate. There—the place was but a fishing-village at the time—full privacy was to be had; and the child wandered in the woods about Sir Moses Montefiore's house, or paddled in the sea, untroubled by any considerations but those of her own pleasure, as the great Wilberforce—who bore testimony to the charm of her childish beauty—has told us. Later on she paid visits to Worthing, to Malvern, to the Isle of Wight, and to Oxford University, where an Address was presented in the Sheldonian Theatre. During these years, she had seen nothing of Court life; but it is to be remembered that Southey came to Kensington Palace more than once, and that Wilberforce was the one strong mind from the outside world which influenced her at all until she was eighteen years old. We know that at the age of ten she attended the Court of her uncle George, and that for a short while after she was allowed to participate in such gaieties as were fit for her; but she was quickly taken away, nor did any knowledge of her prospects come to her until after the accession of William IV. Then, as the Baroness Lehzen maintains, while the Regency Bill was in progress, it was decided that Princess Victoria, who was twelve years old, should know her future. The genealogical table hitherto missing from her history was put in its place, and the quick instinct of the child led to her instant perusal of it. In one moment she had learned the truth, and the essence of her thought is summed in her own words, "I will be good." And who shall say that through the years of joy, the years of hope, the years of loss, the years of mental pain, the years of toil and stress, the years of tears, the same heart did not prompt the same thought, in every moment of the life which has left us to-day so fair a pattern of wifehood, of motherhood, and of widowhood!

From the age of twelve until the age of eighteen, the lives of the Duchess of Kent and of Princess Victoria were singularly uneventful. The Duchess was, on the whole, liberally treated by the Commons, who in the year 1831 had allowed her an additional £10,000 for her own maintenance and that of her daughter, and she really had few calls upon her, save those which were the outcome of her husband's debts. Much of her time was spent, as heretofore, in excursions to the more popular watering-places, and nothing marked the simplicity of her home life until, in July, 1834, the Princess was confirmed in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury. Then change came apace. On May 24, 1837, the Princess celebrated the completion of her eighteenth year and her legal majority, and general holiday was made; but the King was dead before another month had passed, and the child—she was scarcely more—passed from the seclusion and simplicity of Kensington to the full glories of the great monarchy.

That memorable day has often been described. It has pleased the fancy of many to dwell on the agitation of the venerable Dr. Howley and of the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, as they left Windsor at dawn on June 20, 1837, and arrived at Kensington Palace before the city had yet stirred from its sleep. Much ringing of bells and many knockings aroused the slumbering porter, and the bearers of the glad tidings waited in an ante-room many hours, thinking themselves forgotten, wondering, perchance, how that one, who had come to head a great kingdom, could receive them with so little expectation. But the Princess knew nothing of their coming. "She was sleeping in so sweet a sleep," says Miss Wynn, "that not even the Archbishop's news should wake her." "We have come on business of State to the Queen," replied the Marquis, "and even her sleep must give way to that." And here is the picture of the Queen as she appeared before them—"a fair girl of eighteen, her long hair falling upon her shoulders, dressed in a loose white robe and shawl, her eyes dim with tears, but her aspect perfectly calm and dignified." Soon all was bustle and ceremony where repose had been. At nine o'clock came Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, to instruct in the pomp of councils; anon the Lord Mayor and the Corporation; again a stir, and the Privy Council assembled in the great drawing-room. At eleven the first Council was actually held, Mr. Greville asserting, with regard to the impression the young Queen produced, that "there never was anything like it." Two hours' notice had been given, yet eighty members appeared at the Palace, the great Duke of Wellington conspicuous amongst the number, and so delighted with the way in which the young sovereign read the address that he said, "If she had been his own daughter, he could not have desired to see her perform her part better." The next day came the proclamation from St. James's, when enormous crowds gathered about the Palace and responded with thunderous cheers to the announcement of the succession. The reign had opened auspiciously, and the few clouds that passed subsequently across the sky of the Queen's popularity were the result of Ministerial shortsightedness, and were never attributed to any other disturbance than that of the atmosphere of parties. Nay, the girlish monarch, still ridiculously childish in appearance, was received everywhere with boundless enthusiasm. She dissolved Parliament, and her procession to Westminster was a triumph. She reviewed her troops at Windsor, and those grown grey in evolutions delighted to explain the art of tactics to her. She appeared at a great banquet on Nov. 9, at the Guildhall, and the scene was one of the most remarkable in the history of the City. She was the object of sincere affection to those among her relatives who had least cause for such feeling; she was more than beloved by those whose privilege it was to serve her. And in the new excitement of pomp and pageant, of the modes and shows of ceremonial, of the quickly changing scene, and the regal curriculum, she knew a year of undivided delight until another June had come, and the great day of the Coronation drew near.

That ceremony at Westminster Abbey on June 28, 1838, has long been made familiar to us by the many prints to which it has given birth. It has, perhaps, been rivalled in splendour by no other pageant which the century has known. The day opened gloomily, but with her almost invariable good fortune her Majesty drove to the Abbey in bright sunshine, and the afternoon was typical of "Queen's weather." The procession truly was worthy of all that has been written about it. There were representatives of all the greater nations. There were ambassadors, statesmen, nobles, clergy, people, forming a vast body, where the prevailing tone was gold, and the costliest of jewels scattered their lights. Within the Abbey, listening to the thunders of the people's voices as they roared for Soult, and would

(Continued on page 16.)

THE QUEEN'S EARLY HOMES.



KENSINGTON PALACE: THE QUEEN'S BIRTHPLACE.
THE QUEEN WAS BORN MAY 24TH, 1819.



WOLBROOK COTTAGE, SIDMOUTH, WHERE THE QUEEN
SPENT PART OF HER EARLIEST CHILDHOOD.



CALVERLEY PARK, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, WHERE THE
QUEEN STAYED IN 1831.



VICTORIA HOUSE, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA, WHERE THE
QUEEN STAYED IN 1834.



NORRIS CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT, WHERE THE QUEEN
STAYED IN 1831 AND 1833.



CLAREMONT HOUSE, WHERE THE QUEEN SPENT THE
HAPPIEST DAYS OF HER CHILDHOOD.

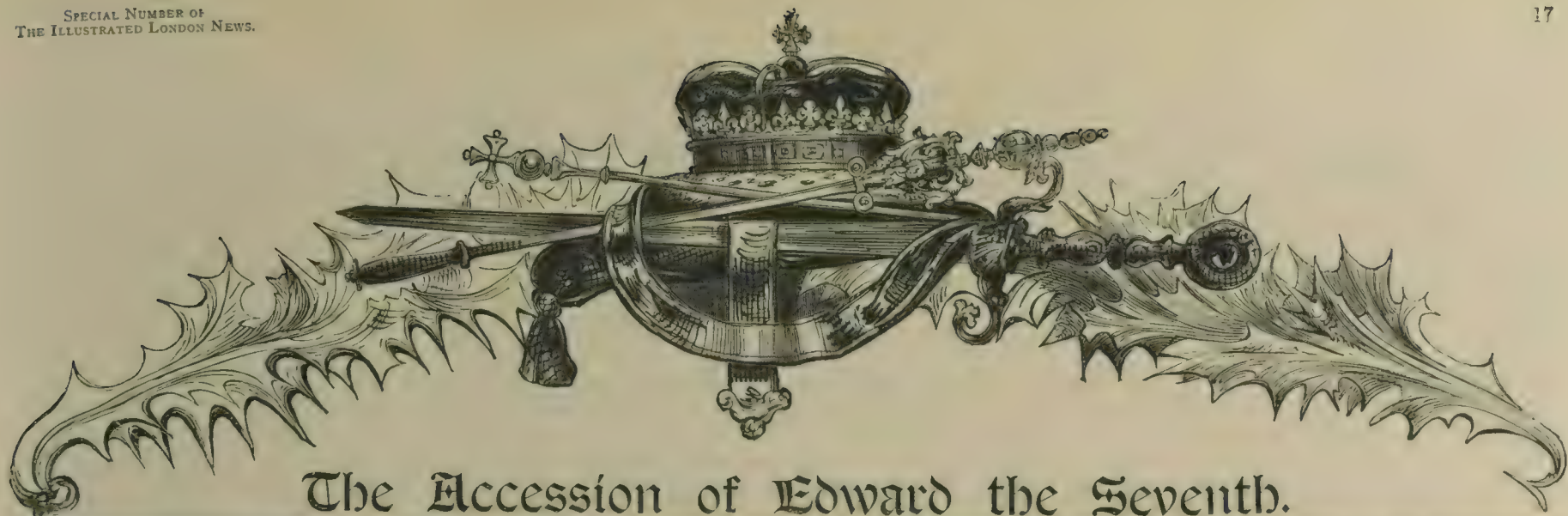
have none other than him, were the grouped thousands, glittering with diamonds, shining with all the garish hues that the spectrum can show—bejewelled even to their heels, as the wits said of Prince Esterhazy, conspicuous in the throng. To this people, hushed in anticipation, the young Queen entered. She wore the royal robes of crimson velvet, the ermine lining visible at the folds. Her lace was of gold, and about her neck was the Collar of the Garter, with the Collars of the Thistle, the Bath, and St. Patrick, and upon her head was a plain circlet of gold. We are told prettily how that she advanced, her train upborne by the daughters of eight peers, and preceded by the regalia, the Princes of the blood royal, and the great officers of state, and followed by the ladies of the Court, and the gentlemen-at-arms, to the choir, where the long ceremony was opened. Of much meaning yet wearisome beyond bearing must have been that "recognition," that offering of the regalia, that anointing and blessing, that offering of the spurs and sword, that investiture, and that putting on of the ring, which so hurt the child-Queen's finger that she could scarce use it for many days. These troubles were forgotten, however, in the supreme moment of the Coronation itself. Her Majesty sat on the Stone of Destiny, and the Archbishop advanced to her, holding high the crown which blazed with brilliants matchless as the scene. The trumpets blared, the drums were beaten lustily, a thousand voices cried "God Save the Queen"; the cry rolled from the Abbey doors, northward, southward, eastward, westward, over the city and the land, far to the deserted villages and the waiting towns, and was echoed after many days by the children beyond the sea—a great cry of a nation's gladness, of a strong people's hope, a cry joyous in earth yet rising to Heaven as the great organ pealed, and the solemn chant, the mighty "Te Deum" hushed the outburst and recalled the solemnity.

It is but a fit step to pass from the Coronation to the young Queen's betrothal. In such a sketch as this, party, or the intrigue of party, has no place. Melbourne, who believed in everybody's politics but his own, was in most ways a good friend to the young Queen, but he, personally, must be held responsible for all the trouble that followed her Majesty's refusal to sacrifice the women of the Bed-Chamber to Peel's fear of occult influence, and the momentary unpopularity which shadowed the throne when the Repealer refused office on that score and the Whigs returned to the pretence of power is entirely to be laid to this mistake. One fact alone can be set down in the Minister's defence. He was among the earliest after the Coronation to hint that it is not good for woman to be alone, and he found that his royal mistress was very ready to listen to his advice. In truth, although her Majesty declared in a letter to King Leopold about this time that her new duties had put all thoughts of marriage out of her, there can be no question that she had already chosen a husband, and that the celebration of her union with him was a matter but of months. In her childhood, one of her best beloved playmates at Claremont had been Albert Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a direct descendant of the Ernestine or elder branch of the great Saxon family. Frederic the Wise, Elector of Saxony, had lost the birthright of his successors in the cause of the Lutherans, and the Albertine branch of the family came to the heritage. Of these successors, Francis Frederick, who died in 1806, left seven children: Ernest, the father of Prince Albert; Frederick George, whose son was the husband of Queen Donna Maria II. of Portugal; and Leopold, who became King of the Belgians. Of the two sons of Ernest, the elder succeeded his father; while from the first Prince Albert was educated with the direct object of becoming the husband of the "pretty little Mayflower," as the Dowager Duchess of Coburg-Saalfeld loved to style the Princess Victoria. Yet Leopold and his faithful ally Stockmar set to work with the greatest

caution. In the May of 1836, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg crossed with his two sons to England, and visited his sister, the Duchess of Kent, at Kensington Palace. There Prince Albert and his cousin were thrown much together. They descended to the abused delights of sight-seeing; they painted, sketched, sang, roamed about the old gardens; but above all they remembered an affection born in their childhood, and became lovers who loved with whole hearts. From that date, Princess Victoria determined that she would marry no other man; and although she told her uncle in the year 1839 that the Prince must study English, and add to his years before any discussion as to the final step was entered upon, the astute Stockmar pitted his diplomacy against that of the young girl's, and the only possible result was soon known. The brothers were sent to England again, and were received with a great welcome at Windsor. Prince Albert had changed wonderfully during these three years, spent in earnest study at Bonn and Brussels—whither he had gone to learn of Constitutional Government—and had become a man, fine in stature, exceedingly handsome, with a manly courage, refinement, and intelligence which were always characteristic of him, but which had been matured and developed under the stimulating influences of travel and of thought. Such a man could scarce fail to make an impression on one who had already chosen him amongst men, and who was ever the woman first and the Queen after. She who had determined not to marry until months had sped, gave the Prince her bouquet at the dance held on the night after his arrival at Windsor, and he, with true gallantry, cut a slit into his close-fitting tunic, and placed the flowers near his heart. Next day her Majesty sent for him, and calling to her aid a courage worthy of her, she told him in his own words that he had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy if he could contemplate the sacrifice of sharing her life. From that point the match was a question for Ministers and for Parliaments. And many were the bitternesses which awaited the betrothed. Greville has said that everyone thought the allowance of £50,000 a year proposed for the Prince very exorbitant, but this was an allowance with many precedents; and despite Peel's indignant disclaimer, there can be little question that the final reduction of it to £30,000 was a party work. The Bill for the Prince's naturalisation, with the angry discussion as to precedence, followed. The stiffnecked obstinacy of Wellington led indisputably to the withdrawal of the clause giving Prince Albert preference immediately after her Majesty in Parliament and elsewhere, and this withdrawal cost the Prince many a snub on the Continent, where he continued to receive recognition only as the younger brother of the house of Saxe-Coburg. These harassing troubles, too, were but the sequel to the absurd amendment to the Address, in which the insertion of the word "Protestant" led to a long debate, a nonsensical work of supererogation in view of the history of the house, and of the known Evangelical views of the subject. Nor can we wonder that such pettiness was a source of bitter grief to the Queen, who interpreted party action as private strife, and saw in every mention of them an incomprehensible hostility to the man whom she had chosen.

But at last all was made smooth, and the actual ceremony was celebrated at St. James's Palace on Feb. 10, 1840. The Prince had landed in England on Feb. 6, and had been received everywhere with acclamation. A richly dressed throng of royal people and distinguished guests attended the wedding-breakfast at Buckingham Palace, and at four o'clock the young couple left for Windsor in an old travelling-coach—I use Greville's words—driven by postillions in undress uniform. Everywhere the reception was enthusiastic, brilliant. The old buildings of Eton shone under the light of a thousand lamps, all Windsor lined the hill to the Castle, and the cheers re-

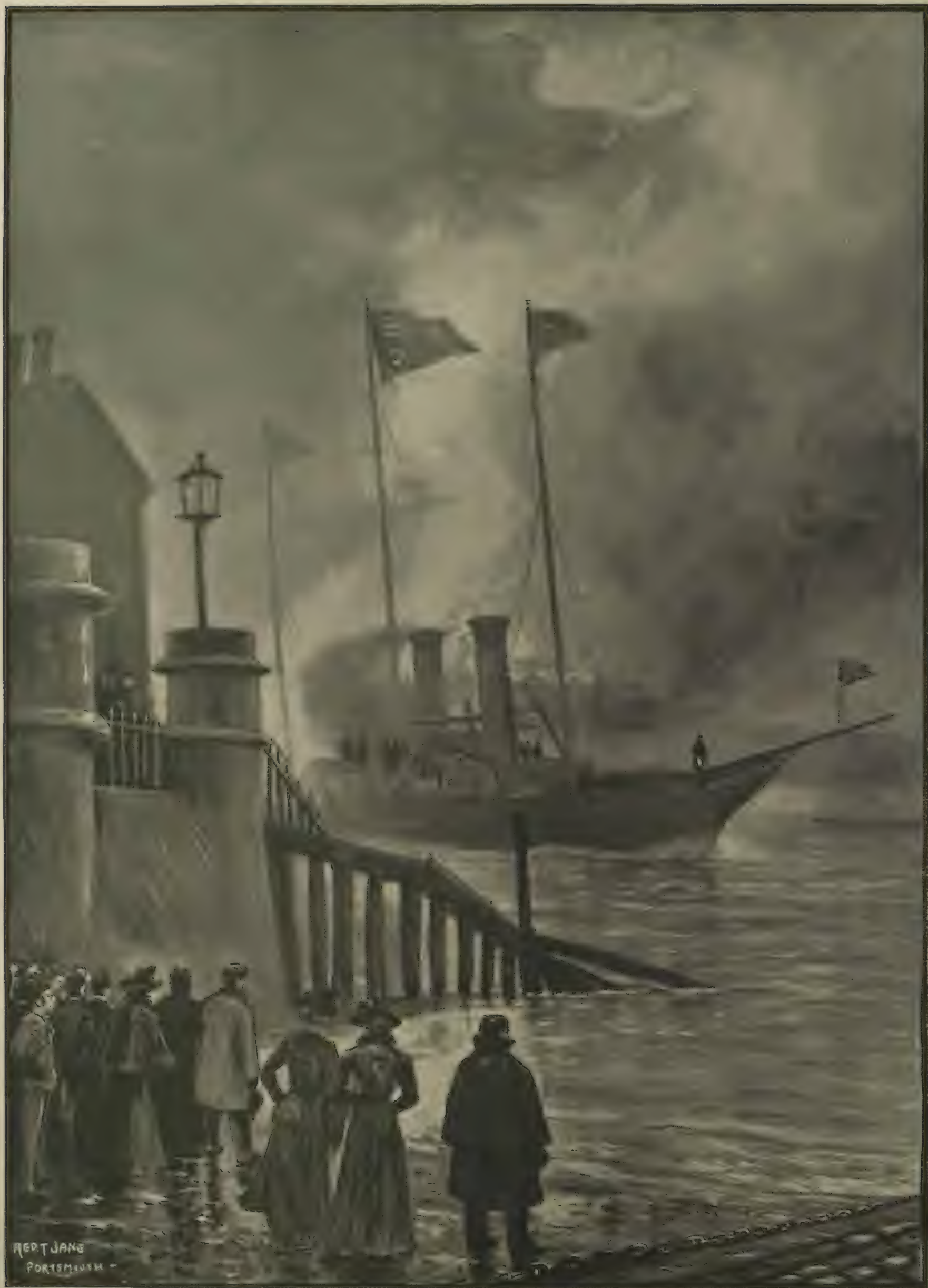
(Continued on page 33.)



The Accession of Edward the Seventh.



THE DEPARTURE OF KING EDWARD VII. FROM COWES, ON JANUARY 23RD, TO ATTEND HIS PRIVY COUNCIL IN LONDON.
Drawn by S. Begg from a sketch by Mr. Melton Prior, our special artist at Cowes.



THE JOURNEY OF KING EDWARD VII. FROM OSBORNE TO LONDON, JANUARY 23RD: ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA" AT PORTSMOUTH WITH HIS MAJESTY ON BOARD.

Drawn by Mr. F. T. Jane, our special artist at Portsmouth.



THE ARRIVAL OF KING EDWARD VII. AT VICTORIA STATION ON JANUARY 23RD: HIS MAJESTY ENTERING LONDON FOR THE FIRST TIME AS KING.

Drawn by our special artist, Mr. Ralph Cleaver.

MR. C. A. BUCKLER,
Surrey Herald Extraordinary.

MR. JOSEPH-
WATKIN,
MR. H. F. BURKE, Portcullis
Somerset Herald. Pursuivant.

DR. J. J. HOWARD, GREEN,
Maltravers Herald Rouge Dragon
Extraordinary. Pursuivant.

MR. G. AMBROSE LEE,
Bluemantle Pursuivant.

DR. G. W. MARSHALL, WELDON,
Rouge Croix Norroy
Pursuivant. King of Arms.

MR. H. MURRAY LANE,
Chester Herald.



MR. C. H. ATHILL,
Richmond Herald.

SIR ALBERT W. WOODS,
Garter King of Arms
(absent from King Edward's
Proclamation owing to ill-
health.)

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK,
Earl Marshal.

MR. W. A. LINDSAY,
Windsor Herald.

MR. E. BELLASIS,
Lancaster Herald.

MR. G. E. COKAYNE,
Clarenceux King of Arms.

MR. A. S. SCOTT-GATTY,
York Herald.

THE PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD VII.: THE EARL MARSHAL AND MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE OF HERALDS.

Drawn by Mr. T. Walter Wilson, R.I.



THE PROCLAMATION AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE, JANUARY 24TH: "EDWARD THE SEVENTH, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, KING OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,
DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, EMPEROR OF INDIA."

Drawn by our special artists, Messrs. Van Anrooy and Bruckman.



THE PROCLAMATION AT TEMPLE BAR: ROUGE DRAGON, PURSUIVANT OF ARMS, DEMANDING ENTRANCE TO THE CITY.

Drawn by our special artist, Mr. Allan Stewart.

When the Herald's Procession reached the City boundaries, Rouge Dragon advanced to the barrier—a red cord held by City constables—and the challenge, "Halt, who goes there?" was given by the City Marshal. Rouge Dragon replied: "The Officer of Arms, who demands entrance into the City to proclaim his Royal Majesty, Edward the Seventh." He was immediately admitted and escorted to the Lord Mayor.



THE PROCLAMATION CEREMONY WITHIN TEMPLE BAR: THE LORD MAYOR READING THE LETTER BROUGHT BY ROUGE DRAGON.

Drawn by our special artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

The Lord Mayor, taking the letter from Rouge Dragon, broke the seal and read the message aloud, announcing to the Court of Aldermen how it had been ordered by the Lords in Council that the King's Heralds do attend to proclaim His Majesty. The Lord Mayor then gave permission to enter, and the Heralds and Pursuivants advanced to the corner of Chancery Lane, where York Herald read the proclamation.



H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. THE DUKE OF ARCYLL.

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND. THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
MARQUESS OF SALISBURY. LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.
THE EARL OF CLARENDON. LORD CHANCELLOR.
LORD CAULFIELD. LORD JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

KING EDWARD VII.'S FIRST ACT OF GOVERNMENT: HIS MAJESTY SUBSCRIBING THE OATH FOR THE SECURITY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Drawn by the sculptor, Mr. J. B. B. B.

The Council was held in the Banqueting Hall of St. James' Palace on January 23rd. His Majesty subscribed two Instruments, one of which is lodged in the Public Register of Scotland, the other in the Council Book.



THE PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD VII. AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.
By our special artist, Mr. G. Amato.



"GOD SAVE THE KING": EARL ROBERTS SALUTING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AFTER THE PROCLAMATION AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.
Drawn by our special artists, Messrs. Van Anrooy and Bruckman.



A MESSAGE FROM A DEAD CENTURY: THE OLD "VICTORY" SALUTING THE NEW KING.

From a photograph by West, Southsea.

As the royal yacht "Alberta," with King Edward VII. on board, left Portsmouth after His Majesty's proclamation on January 24th, Nelson's old flagship, the "Victory," and the Men-of-War stationed at Portsmouth, fired a royal salute.



KING EDWARD VII.'S RETURN TO OSBORNE AFTER HIS PROCLAMATION: HIS MAJESTY LEAVING TRINITY WHARF, COWES, FOR OSBORNE, JANUARY 24TH.
From a sketch by Mr. Melton Prior, our special artist at Cowes.



KING EDWARD VII. AND HIS FIRST PARLIAMENT: THE LORD CHANCELLOR READING THE MESSAGE FROM THE KING IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, JANUARY 25TH.

Drawn by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.

*Reading from foreground the names are - Front Ministerial Bench: Duke of Devonshire, Lord Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Cross, Lord Balfour, Lord Selborne.
Back Bench: The Lord Chief Justice. In front of Woolsack: The Duke of Norfolk, Lord Clarendon, Lord Pembroke, the Lord Chancellor.
Front Opposition Bench: Lord Rosebery, Lord Kimberley, Lord Ripon, Earl Spencer, Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Carrington.*



KING EDWARD VII. AND HIS FIRST PARLIAMENT: THE SPEAKER READING THE MESSAGE FROM THE CROWN IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JANUARY 25TH.

Drawn by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.

The names reading from the foreground are—Front Ministerial Bench: Ritchie, Chamberlain, Balfour, Hicks-Beach, Wyndham, Long, Akers-Douglas, Lord George Hamilton, Gorst, Hanbury, Austen Chamberlain (standing). Front Opposition Bench: Spencer, Morley, Harcourt, Campbell-Bannerman, Grey, Fowler.



THE ACCESSION OF KING EDWARD VII.: READING THE PROCLAMATION AT WINCHESTER.

Photo by Rider, Winchester.

The Mayor and Corporation attended at the Guildhall in state, accompanied by the City Champion, the City Flags and Macebearers, the Dean and the Cathedral Clergy. The members of Winchester College and scholars from all the schools of Winchester witnessed the ceremonial.

Copy of Telegram from Mr. A. FORESTIER, Our Special Artist at Cowes.

COWES.

EDITOR, ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Was summoned early this morning by the King, who gave privilege of making good picture Lying-in-State in Dining Room. Worked there all day. Drawing seen and approved by the King, and executed according to his command. Letter follows.

FORESTIER.

This Authorised Picture of Queen Victoria Lying in State will appear in
This Week's Number of the

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

READY FEBRUARY 2.

sounded again and again, long after the young couple had passed through the gates and reached the private apartments. All have borne witness to the Queen's admirable bearing during that momentous day. The trace of tears was on her face as she passed to the Chapel in her superb dress of white satin with wreath and bouquet of orange-blossoms and veil of richest Honiton lace; but as the clouds lifted and "Queen's weather" shone down on the happy pair a sweeter, brighter countenance never looked upon a lover. Truly was it a Royal wedding, as she was a Royal bride.

The first year of the Queen's married life, a "spring-time of one love," was a year well to be remembered among those of the century. On Jan. 10 the Penny Post had become a fact; on Aug. 7 the children's cause was advanced a stage when their employment as sweeps was forbidden. On June 10 the madman Edward Oxford fired two shots at the Queen as she drove up Constitution Hill, and the preposterous folly of "Young England" ended in a lunatic asylum. On Nov. 21 the Princess Royal was born, and Prince Albert proved the depth of his love for his young wife by refusing to stir from the Palace. "No one but himself," as her Majesty told us, "ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa, and for this purpose he would come when sent for from any part of the house." The year, too, had witnessed the removal of the body of Napoleon I. from the Island of St. Helena, and its interment in the Hôtel des Invalides. Beyond all, the work which Richard Cobden did before the Manchester Chamber of Commerce in 1838 had fructified and borne seed, so that the nation moved deep in thought, and had begun to make up its mind on the Corn Laws. Action followed swiftly. On May 24, 1841, Sir Robert Peel tried for "no confidence," and the tottering Melbourne Ministry, gaining nothing by Lord John Russell's proposed modifications in the matter of the Laws, fell in a great defeat, which, being rightly used at the crisis of it, led on to repeal. Henceforth Melbourne was known no more in politics. Through the years that John Bright and Richard Cobden swept the land, the history as it appertains to this subject is the history of a growing confidence between Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel. The Queen at last had learnt that she could dispense with Melbourne, whose genuine friendship had brought such unpopularity upon her, and giving way in the matter of the Bed-Chamber women, the paths were made straight. In her private life we find the same advance through difficulty to progress and to peace. Prince Albert passed quickly by suspicion and distrust to esteem and to love. Made a member of the Privy Council and gazetted to a Colonelcy of the 11th Hussars, he had mastered the tongue, and henceforth moved freely in the world of letters and the world of art. In the quieter life of the Palace he waged fierce war against monumental red-tape and domestic jobbery. In a larger sphere, we know that in a single year he, with her Majesty, looked through no less than 48,000 despatches. And it was a simple home life, brightened with the brilliancy of young hopes, taking its recreation in the costume-balls, the concerts, the garden-parties, which were held so frequently at Buckingham Palace. Music—Mendelssohn once played to the Prince on the organ in the Palace—painting driving, riding, etching—the plates were bit in the house—these always occupied the young people at home when around them the social change had begun to manifest itself. The year 1841 was the year of "Tract No. 90," and its condemnation by the Senate of Oxford University; of the opening of the Great Western Railway; of the renewal of the war in China and Afghanistan; of the Chartist fear; in a minor way, of the death of Vauxhall and the birth of *Punch*. It was also the year of the birth of the Prince of Wales. The year succeeding saw the double attempt on her Majesty's life, the first in the Mall by John Francis, and again in July by a

lunatic named Bean, happily with no other harm than fright and shock. This was the year, too, of the terrible affair at Cabul, and of our Indian successes. In the August, when her Majesty and the Prince quitted town—the Queen having prorogued Parliament in person—they proceeded to Edinburgh, and knew Holyrood for the first time. They had no country place at this time, and it was not until 1844 that they purchased Osborne, a small estate, delightfully quiet, as her Majesty has told us, and free of woods and forests. Previous to this, the Queen and Prince had visited Louis Philippe at the Château d'Eu, near Tréport, had crossed to Belgium to receive a hearty welcome from King Léopold, and had delighted in the rich quaintness of Bruges and Ghent. At Cambridge, on Oct. 25, in the year 1843, the Prince had received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and had passed on to visit Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor, paying a subsequent visit to Birmingham, and then hunting with the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir. He had established his model farm in Windsor Great Park, and more than all, he had gained the genuine love and affection of a great people.

The year 1844 was a singularly brilliant one in the history of the young monarch and her beloved husband. It got birth with all the stress of the trial of O'Connell and his coadjutors; it closed with the opening of the new Royal Exchange. But it was the year of the visit of the Emperor Nicolas, who dined with the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and subsequently stayed at Windsor, visiting Ascot with the King of Saxony, and gaining her Majesty's favour by the very high opinion he formed of Prince Albert's abilities. In 1844 the "Young England" party matured, and D'Israeli began to be the hope of the Tory Protectionist squires whom he was to lead finally after his vigorous coming to permanent notoriety in the debate of Jan. 22, 1846. These years, indeed, until the end of the half-century, moved about a social changing and a political upheaval which had more life in them than any movements of the reign. In 1845 the Established Church reeled under the blow of Newman's conversion to Rome; in 1846 Peel carried his proposal for the gradual repeal of the Corn Laws—one recalls the fact that Mr. Gladstone, who had been a Junior Lord of the Treasury in Peel's Administration of 1834, and President of the Board of Trade in 1843, had no part in this work, having resigned his seat at Newark owing to political differences with the Duke of Newcastle. In 1847 Ireland was torn by the hand of rapine and of outrage; in 1848 the culminating point of the Chartist terror was reached and passed. The same year witnessed the flight of Pio Nono to Gaeta, and the election of Louis Napoleon as head of the French. It was followed by those fearful months when the cholera ravaged the country, and so closed in gloom a half-century ever to be memorable in our annals.

Turning from these public events to the private life of the Queen and Prince, one finds that Prince Albert continued to tread the way of popularity and esteem so quickly that in the year 1847 he was made Chancellor of Cambridge University, the Queen herself, installed on the throne in the hall at Trinity, receiving her husband's address. But their domestic history turns chiefly about their many journeys to the Highlands of Scotland, which had become so dear to the Queen. They knew Balmoral for the first time in 1848. It was then a small, unpretentious mansion, built of granite, whitewashed, and with numerous small turrets, surrounded by wild scenery, shut in on the left by the beautiful hills above Lochnagar, opening on the right towards Ballater to the superb glen of the Dee. Her Majesty told us of the calm, and the peace which she ever enjoyed at Balmoral, and until the last her affection for all things appertaining to her Highland home, for Scotch servants, Scotch music. Scotch scenes remained unabated. But the Balmoral of

(Continued on page 38.)



THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE,
FEBRUARY 10TH, 1840.



THE LATE PRINCE ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE,
FEBRUARY 10TH, 1840.

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



PRINCESS VICTORIA RECEIVING THE NEWS OF HER ACCESSION TO THE THRONE,
JUNE 20TH, 1837.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain arrived at Kensington at five in the morning, and roused the Princess Victoria from her sleep. She came into the room in darkness, and received the message from the Officers of State.



FIRST STATE VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO THE CITY, 1837.

At Ludgate Hill some wooden steps were pushed forward, and a Bluecoat boy ascending them, delivered a Latin address to the Queen. This subsidiary ceremony was considered one of the most interesting features of the progress through the City.



THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON JUNE 28TH, 1838.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND: EDINBURGH, SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1842.

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



THE FIRST INVESTITURE BY HER MAJESTY OF THE MOST EXALTED ORDER OF THE STAR OF INDIA IN THE THRONE-ROOM. WINDSOR CASTLE, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1861.



THE PROCLAMATION OF THE QUEEN AS EMPRESS OF INDIA AT DELHI, JANUARY 1ST, 1877.

to-day is very different from the Balmoral of 1852, when the Prince purchased the fee simple from the trustees of Lord Fife, and made the little place his own. Then it had but four reception rooms and hardly any roomy bed-chambers—now it is a commodious mansion worthy to be styled a palace.

The visits North and to the Isle of Wight were not, however, the extent of her Majesty's wanderings at this time. In 1845 she had visited Germany, and in 1849 she paid her long-promised visit to Ireland, calling in her yacht at Cork, Waterford, Dublin—where a stay was made at the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park—Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, and at Belfast. "England's fate is afloat," said Lord Lyttelton, as the royal party embarked, "and we are left lamenting." But the dire foreboding was uncalled for. Catholics and Protestants stood side by side in a phalanx of delighted patriots. The capital rang with the full cries of welcome. The tour was a triumph, the vindication of a nation reborn from the womb of famine; of one marching weak yet strong from out the shadow of the national death.

The journey to Ireland was followed by the fateful year 1850, when Peel died, and the railway bubble burst, yet a year of material progress, since the cable was laid between England and France, and the preparations for the great Exhibition were rapidly pushed on. This Exhibition was, indeed, the culminating point, as it were, in the Prince's onward progress in the esteem of his people. That his was the idea, and his the directing mind, there cannot be a doubt. He had laid his plans for a great scheme, by which every nation could show its inventive capacity and progress, before the Society of Arts at a meeting in the year 1849, but the great glass-house in Hyde Park was not ready for opening until May 1, 1851. "The shock of delighted surprise," says Sir Theodore Martin, "which everyone felt on entering the great transept of Sir Joseph Paxton's building was a sensation as noble as it was deep." And, indeed, the whole ceremony of the opening was a noble one, and to be remembered, with the balls and dinners, and the millions flocking to London, and the inauguration of an idea which is, perhaps, the greatest national idea of this century. This great Exhibition, with its logical sequence in the South Kensington Museum, is undoubtedly the most imposing monument which the Prince raised to himself, and well entitled him to those honours which a delighted commercial people showered upon him. Well did all share in these emotions of pride and affection with which her Majesty looked upon one who with his own hand had wrought a work that all nations had come out to see.

A glance at the history of the country during the years 1851 to 1860 is instructive as demonstrating how Prince Albert continued to work upon this great scheme of his, promoting the Exhibition in Dublin in 1853 and other exhibitions, all embodying the essence of his central idea. Serenely happy at home, herself superintending the education of her younger children—the youngest, Princess Beatrice, was born in 1857—the Queen followed her husband in his work, gave him her every thought. These were dark years, too, for those watching England, years of the appalling blunders of the Crimean War in 1854-55, when the troops suffered and were dumb; years when the nation stood still as the terrors of the Indian Mutiny shaped horrible, yet real, in the fuller records. A decade, too, of which it shall be written that progress marched with war, and the evolution of nations with their suffering. A decade beginning with the triumph of one man, and ending with his death—the death of the Prince Consort, who stood most high in the love of Englishmen.

The story of this death must always bear retelling. The end of the year 1861 was singularly fatal to royal people. The King of Portugal's brother, Ferdinand, had

died on Nov. 6, and the King himself was immediately stricken with the same fell disease. Within a few days he was dead; and fears fell upon all at the prevalence of the malady generally over Europe. Nor was the Prince Consort himself at all well during that month. He has told us in his diary that previous to Nov. 21 he had been without sleep for fourteen days. The deep foreboding which the low fever upon him brought about was expressed in his own words, "I have no tenacity of life." On Nov. 22 he went to Sandhurst and got wet through; and on the next day he went shooting, the last time that he did so. A week, busy with the Trent Affair, and its harassing details, followed; and then the tired, overwrought, nervous system broke down, and those about the Castle became seriously alarmed. Sir Henry Holland and Dr. Thomas Watson were called in, and they pronounced the malady to be low or gastric fever. From that moment the Queen and the Princess Alice never left his side. But it was a watching unto death. The "sweet thoughts" that came to him deepened as the weary mind grew restful in the great shadow. Day by day they lulled him to rest with the hymns he loved, and he slept with the Queen's hand in his, with the words "Gutes Frauchen" on his lips; and so to Dec. 14, when the light of his life was hidden for ever and the supreme sorrow was born. At that time the Queen's dry-eyed agony was terrible to behold. It seemed to her physicians that she would lose her reason. The relief of tears came only when they put the little Princess Beatrice in her arms, and she knew the duty that lay before her, and, weeping, gained strength for it. It was the supreme moment of her life—the supreme sorrow, the supreme victory. And truly a great patriot was laid to rest at Frogmore, one not of us, yet altogether for us; by blood a stranger, yet by heart a kinsman; one gentle in mind yet strong in purpose; profound in love, not knowing hate; dowered with a great and omnivorous intellect; a man who in any sphere would have risen above men, a man born to lead and to initiate, to attempt and to conquer.

Sweet nature, gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters; dear to science, dear to art,
Dear to thy land and ours; a Prince indeed
Beyond all titles, and a household name
Hereafter through all times, "Albert the Good!"

With the burial of Prince Albert the life of the Queen became one of retirement from the ordinary round of Court gaieties and social pleasures. Henceforth she lived to remember him and to mourn him. Splendid monuments at Frogmore, at Windsor, at Kensington—fine works at Osborne, cairns in Scotland, mark his memory, but not as it was marked and kept in the hearts of those who wept for him. Until the last did her Majesty maintain the social-exile which she put upon herself when the great blow came. The people have looked on and have approved, being a people to whom the affection of husband for wife and wife for husband is a sacred thing. They have known only that, during the long years of grief, the business to which the Queen's hand was set has never known an hour's delay—that in all affliction and all sorrow it has been done whatever the cost.

With so full a domestic history, and a bereavement which caused her partial retirement, the Queen showed, nevertheless, from first to last, a constant public activity. The mother of many children, she bestowed on them a care often denied to large families in homes of ordinarily busy people, and at the same time she carried on the business of the State with an assiduity which always won the respect of her successive Ministers. In the year 1848, for instance, when her Majesty's duties of maternity were binding upon her, nearly 30,000 despatches went through the Foreign Office, in or out, and with the contents of the whole of them the Queen was acquainted.

(Continued on page 41.)

THE QUEEN AND THE REPRESENTATIVES OF FOREIGN NATIONS.



MEETING OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS AND QUEEN VICTORIA AT CHARLOTTENBURG,
ON APRIL 24TH, 1888.



PRIVATE RECEPTION OF THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN'S SON BY QUEEN VICTORIA
AT WINDSOR CASTLE, ON MAY 27TH, 1895.



QUEEN VICTORIA WELCOMED TO THE RIVIERA BY PRESIDENT FAURE ON
MARCH 11TH, 1897.



THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON, U.S.A.,
RECEIVED BY QUEEN VICTORIA AT WINDSOR, 1899.

THE KINDLY NATURE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT CIMIEZ IN THE SPRING OF 1899: HER MAJESTY AND THE FRENCH SCHOOLCHILDREN.

The Queen's carriage was frequently surrounded by a group of schoolchildren, who offered flowers and cheered lustily. The peasants stopped their work and joined the little ones in their cry of "Vive l'Angleterre!"



QUEEN VICTORIA AT CIMIEZ IN THE SPRING OF 1898: HER MAJESTY AND THE BEGGAR.

As the Queen was driving on the Villefranche Road, an aged beggar, in a rickety little vehicle drawn by a pair of dogs, set his team to race the royal carriage, much to the amusement of Her Majesty.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT CIMIEZ IN THE SPRING OF 1899: HER MAJESTY AND THE LION CUBS.

The Queen while visiting the Zoological Gardens was shown two fine young lions, one of which was brought to her to stroke.



A VISIT TO NETLEY HOSPITAL ON MAY 9TH, 1863: THE QUEEN AND A DYING SOLDIER.

In going through the wards she spoke to one man who was at the point of death. He exclaimed, "Thank God that He has allowed me to live long enough to see Your Majesty."

Later, when Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt proposed to the Princess Alice at Windsor after dinner, and came to the Queen for her approval, "I could only," she says, "squeeze his hand and say 'certainly,' and that we would see them in our room later. We got through the evening work as well as we could." If the relations of the Queen with her Ministers opened stormily, they ended with ideal peace. When Lord Melbourne and the Whig Government went out in 1839, Sir Robert Peel refused to take office unless the chief ladies of her Majesty's household also resigned. They, he argued, were Whigs and had the ear of the Queen to a degree fatal to his successful conduct of her Government. The Queen rebelled against her subject. She could not consent to a course which she conceived to be contrary to usage, and was repugnant to her feelings. So Lord Melbourne returned to power; and there was no love lost, for the nonce, between the Tory party and the Queen. To write a history of England during the long reign of Queen Victoria would be to far exceed present limits of space; but it may be possible to indicate with brevity the special relationship of the monarch to the most important events, national and international, which affected the course of public affairs during the last three-quarters of a century or so, as well as to mention with more particularity some of the illustrious men and women with whom she was acquainted. When, in 1842, the Anti-Corn Law agitation began in tumult, born of hunger, and the trade of London was terribly depressed, the Queen gave a grand Plantagenet *Bal Masque* at Buckingham Palace—she herself appeared as Queen Philippa and Prince Albert was Edward III., the word going forth that the work of Spitalfields' weavers was to be the "wear" of the night. The abolition of the Corn Laws shortly followed, and, when Sir Robert Peel's ministry had achieved that, though opposed by Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Disraeli and the Protectionist wing of the Tory Party, but was defeated on an Irish Coercion Bill, the Queen lamented the loss of Sir Robert (who had begun by being less in the royal favour) and of Lord Aberdeen, as of "two devoted friends," who were themselves "so much overcome that it quite upset me." Lord John Russell was Sir Robert's successor, and he had to deal with the Irish Famine of 1847, and with the Chartist disturbances at home during the following year. King Louis Philippe fled from his kingdom that year, and, cordially received by the Queen, he no doubt played an interesting and a possibly slightly admonitory part as a victim of the red tide of Revolution passing over so many provinces of Europe. In the November of that year the death of Lord Melbourne sent a pang of desolation through the heart of the woman and the Queen. Early in 1849 the war in India ended in a victory by Lord Gough at Goojerat and in the annexation of the Punjab: a large event in the history of even that enormous Empire of England over the seas, begun indeed by Queen Elizabeth, but consummated by Queen Victoria. In the June of 1850 the death of Sir Robert Peel, by a fall from his horse on Constitution Hill, called forth from Prince Albert the lament: "Death has snatched from us the best of men, our truest friend, the strongest bulwark of the throne, the greatest statesman of his time." Lord Palmerston was then the Minister in the ascendant with the House of Commons. But he was not so popular with the Crown, who thought him too independent a Foreign Secretary. He saw the Queen and the Prince; he said "yes"; and he went away to compile despatches that said or hinted "no." The Queen drew up a memorandum of complaint, and nobody can deny that her policy was one that made for peace where that of "Pam" was provocative of war. The death of the Duke of Wellington in 1852 produced from the Queen the eulogy of him "as the greatest man England ever produced." If that were a questionable matter of opinion, there could be no doubt as to the mere matter of fact recorded by the Queen when she enumerated his many achievements and added: "How

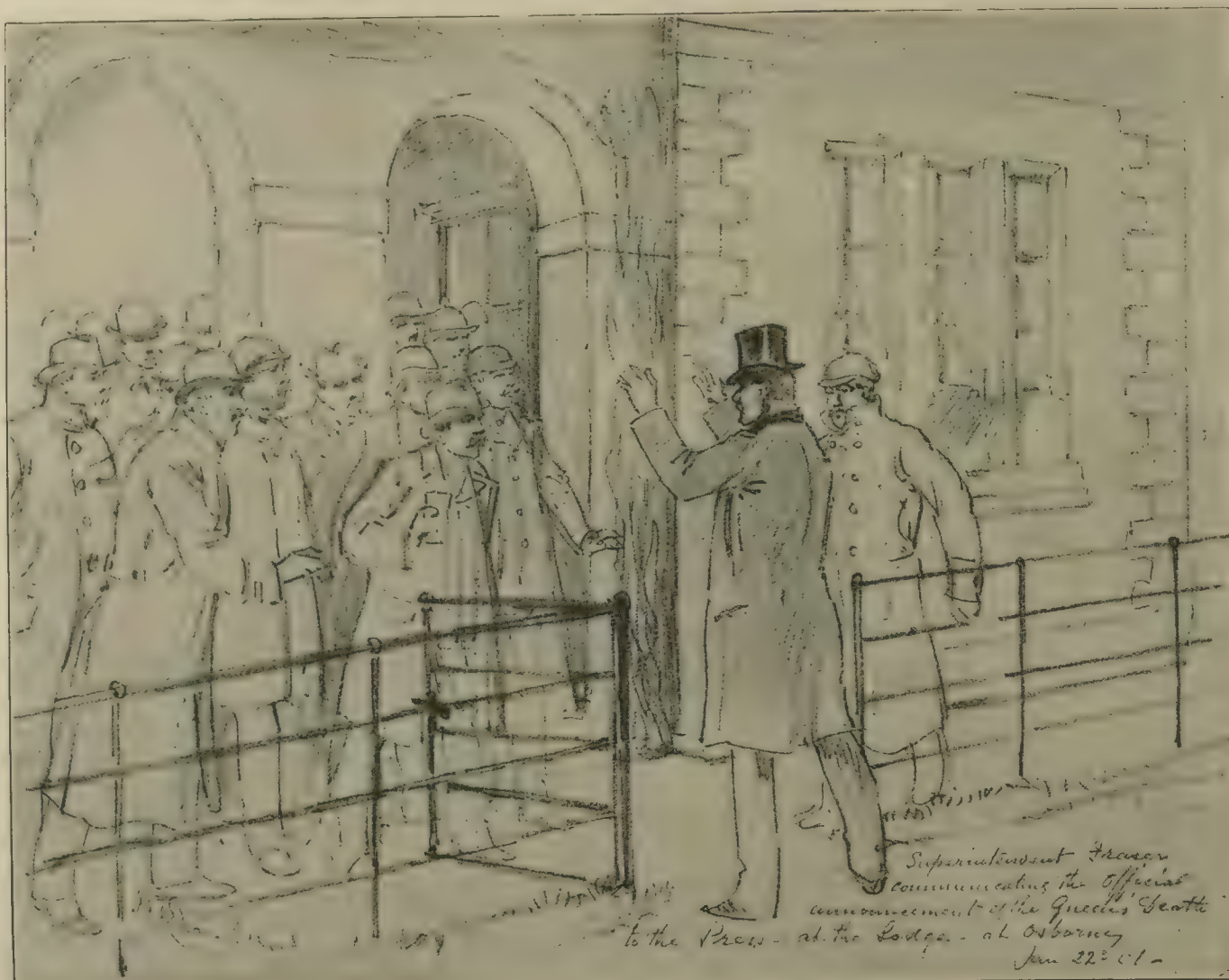
simply he carried these honours!" The Crimean War, which resulted from the alliance of England and France in favour of Turkey against Russian encroachment, however we may regret it now as the useless thing Mr. Bright afterwards proved it to be, was a popular war as well as a Palmerston one in 1854. The Queen, even if she regretted the policy, could only watch the war with the intensest anxiety for the success of the English arms. The condition of the soldier, starved and frozen by disgraceful commissariat mismanagement, called forth the remonstrance of the Queen in a letter to Lord Raglan; and the Queen's interest in the nurses, with Miss Florence Nightingale at their head, was still keen when, nearly fifty years afterwards, she sent the Red Cross to the surviving woman who nursed the victims of war and, worse, of cholera in the hospital of Scutari, or in the mud huts improvised at Balaklava. The Emperor Nicholas I. is said to have "died of grief" over the defeat of Inkerman; and the capture of Sebastopol by the Allies virtually brought the war to an end. "God be praised for it!" wrote the Queen, and all the people said "Amen." From that date the love of the Queen for her army constantly increased; a visit to the wounded veterans of the Crimea in Chatham Hospital led to the building of Netley, of which her Majesty laid the first stone, and which she often afterwards visited. A review of the troops at Aldershot and a Naval Review at Spithead followed on the peace; and they were succeeded, in later years, by others of their class. In 1856, too, was instituted the Victoria Cross for valour. During the Indian Mutiny, which began the following year, this Cross was often well and truly earned. No Englishman, and certainly no Englishwoman, the Queen least of all, could hear unmoved the horrors of that episode, which had its end in the placing of India under the closer Government of the Queen and her Parliament. Lord Derby shortly afterwards replaced Lord Palmerston as Premier, but only for a brief time. In 1861, the affair of the *Trent* made between the United States and England a trouble which the Queen helped to settle by that same personal and pacific influence she had brought to bear when she handled the Luxemburg question, and when, on another occasion, she wrote: "Queen Victoria asks as a personal favour to herself that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecution of the Christians." The various administrations of Mr. Gladstone and of Lord Beaconsfield filled a large slice of the later years of the reign. The legislation of that period, well within memory of the present generation, included the Disestablishment of the Irish Church; various measures of Reform in the representation of the people, ultimately resulting in Household Suffrage; the Ballot Act; the reform of factory regulations in the interest of workmen, and the abolition and curtailment of labour done by women and children; the abolition of purchase of Commissions in the Army; the passing of compulsory and eventually of free Elementary Education Acts; and a long series of measures to ameliorate the conditions of land tenure by the Irish farmer and peasant proprietor. Beginning with a prejudice against Mr. Disraeli, which the Prince Consort had shared and perhaps inspired, the Queen came at last to regard him with a personal affection which was evidenced by a visit she paid to him at Hughenden Manor, and by the manifestations of sorrow she made on the occasion of his death in 1881. "Kings love him that speaketh right" was the proverb she wrote as an inscription for the wreath she sent to his tomb. To this great Minister the Queen herself owed an advancement, for with him was the initiative of her assumption of the title of Empress of India. With the later policy of Mr. Gladstone—the Zulu War, in which the Prince Imperial of France so bravely gave up his life for England, his adopted country; the premature peace with the Boers in South Africa; the popularly-named "abandonment" of General Gordon, in the Soudan, whence the Mahdi

threatened Egypt, over which a sort of unofficial Protectorate had been established by England after the successful war waged by Lord Wolseley in 1882; and, most of all, his introduction, and passage by the Commons, of a Home Rule Bill for Ireland, only to be defeated by the Lords—the Queen was out of sympathy, and so expressed herself with great freedom of phrase in letters afterwards made public by her permission. The accession of Lord Salisbury to terms of power was therefore welcome to her personal preference, which, nevertheless, she never displayed to the extent of straining the free spirit of a popular and really democratic constitution. Hence nothing in public life came to lessen the effect of that affectionate homage which her domestic virtues had called forth. Of that homage her people gave abundant proof, when, in 1887, the golden jubilee of her reign was

and high Ministers of far-away provinces once again into touch with the Colonial Office. Of the war against the Boers, begun towards the close of 1899, the Queen was not to see the completion.

Penny Post came into use at the beginning of the Victorian era; and this institution, together with the development of the railway system, and the inauguration of the electric telegraph and the telephone, with the resulting advance, by leaps and bounds, of the newspaper press, transformed the common customs of daily life, and gave an impetus to every trade, a stir throughout the body politic, and a publicity to every act and fact, good or ill. Abreast of all this material progress was an intellectual, a scientific, and a moral movement.

The growth of population, of national defences and finances, needs no illustration here. The Victorian age



THE FIRST PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Sketch (facsimile) by Mr. Melton Prior, our special artist at Osborne.

Superintendent Fraser communicated the official news of Her Majesty's death to the press at 6.45 p.m., January 22nd, 1901.

celebrated, not by London only, but by all England, and by the Greater Britain over seas. War may have brought into touch the ends of the Empire, but the general affection for Queen Victoria was an earlier and yet closer bond. Very memorable was that Jubilee Procession of 1887, to be repeated in 1897, when the Diamond Jubilee outstripped even the record of 1887, and when Mr. Chamberlain, by that time Colonial Secretary in the Unionist Cabinet, arranged that, at the Imperial festival, there should be seen the representatives, civil and military, of all those distant and far divided provinces of the Empire, loyal to the Mother Land, whence they sprung, self-governing and mightily prospering. It was not thought then that before three years were over, a war—the greatest undertaken by England since the Duke of Wellington's campaigns—would bring those Governors

has inaugurated the steam-ship, the motor-car, the electric-railway, as new means of transit, and it has preserved the voice and action of its celebrities in the phonograph and the biograph. The names of Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer have been added to scientific literature, and Sir James Simpson, who first applied anæsthetics and so became one of the greatest benefactors, was himself a physician to the Queen. Of the enormous number of minor inventions, one calls for special mention—the bicycle, which has supplied men with an amusement equalling cricket, football, and tennis in popularity, and women with a sport that has given them, in costume and in etiquette, a larger freedom, answering those other vast improvements in their legal and educational position won by their own exertion truly, but also by the negative aid accruing from a woman's victorious tenure of the throne.



Flower or Fern Bowl.

3 1/2 in.	1/3
4 1/2 in.	2/3
6 in.	3/9
7 1/2 in.	6/-
9 in.	9/-



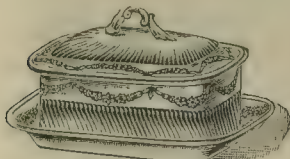
Flower Vase.

White, 8 in., 4/3
6 in., 2/9



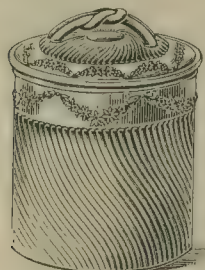
Muffin Dish.

White, 3/9 Gold Handle, 5/-



Sardine Dish.

White, 6/3 Gold Handle, 7/6



Marmalade or Jam Jar.

White, 4/3 Gold Handle, 5/-

Honey Jar.

White, 3/6 Gold Handle, 4/3



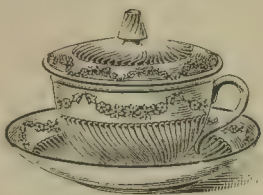
White China Cruet.

With Spoons .. 4/3



Milk Jugs.

White .. 2/-
Gold Handle .. 5/-
Cream Jug, White .. 1/3
do. Gold Handle 3/9



Covered Breakfast Cup and Saucer.

White, 2/- Gold Handle, 3/3



Covered Broth Bowl.

White, 2/3 Gold Handles, 4/3



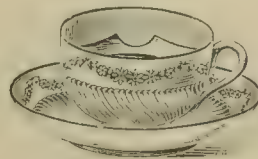
Butter Dish.

White China, 3/9 Gold Handle, 4/9



Teapots.

	White.	Gold Handles.
2 pints	3/6	6/9
1 ,,	3/3	6/6
3/4 ,,	3/-	6/3



Moustache Breakfast Cup and Saucer.

White, 2/-
Gold Handle, 3/-



Egg Cups.

White .. 5d.



Broth Set.

White .. 8/6 Gold Handles .. 12/-



Small Sugar Basin and Cream Jug.

White, 1/8 per pair.
Gold Handle, 2/6 per pair

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Glass Sets
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New Registered Design,
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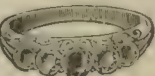
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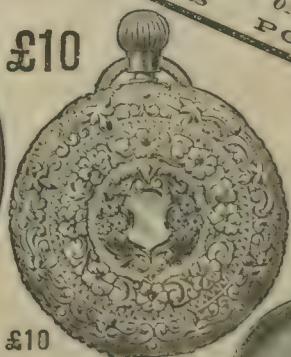
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